Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A QUESTION OF HONOR

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE Democratic Platform demands "the immediate ratification of the Peace of Versailles without reservations which would impair its essential integrity," on the ground that "by every accepted standard of international morality the President is justified in asserting that the honor of the country is involved in this business."

We cannot allow the period of public interest in this question to pass without subjecting it to a candid examination in the light of indisputable facts. . .

If the President is justified in asserting that the honor of the United States has been involved in his negotiations, it is upon the assumption that he has the right, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," to pledge the nation to obligations in excess of his legal powers.

That the prestige of the United States has suffered greatly during the last two years is undeniable. In 1918 our armies were battling to drive the German invaders from the soil of France and Belgium. Their arms were triumphant and released Europe from the peril of subjugation; and yet, when today we contemplate the lack of esteem in which America is held, it almost seems as if the cause for which our soldiers fought had not been won, and that universal confidence in the United States had been changed to general distrust. To what are we to attribute this failure of complete victory and this loss of national prestige?

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If we turn to the record of what has happened, it is not difficult to answer this question; but it is necessary to review the course of events with some detail. Such an examination reveals the fact that, at the great turning points of international action, instead of a clear facing of the actual situation and a direct manner of dealing with it, Mr. Wilson introduced some element of unreality, obscuring the truth by phraseology having no essential relation to the state of fact.

As evidence of this I shall cite three instances when the personal decisions and influence of President Wilson deflected the course of events from the direction which they would otherwise have taken, and raised expectations which have not been fulfilled.

In October, 1918, the Central Powers, in a military sense, had been defeated by the joint action of the Allied and Associated Powers. The prompt admission of this defeat, had it been immediately enforced by unconditional surrender, would have prepared the German people for expecting a penalty commensurate with their offense; which would have been regarded as a natural result of the fortunes of war, in which they had always thought of the victor as possessing a right of dictation in proportion to his strength.

This natural consequence of military defeat, with its salutary lesson on the perils incurred by military aggression, was deprived of its disciplinary value by a determination on the part of President Wilson to impose terms of peace which he had outlined long before Germany was conquered, and while "a peace without victory" was still in his mind. The Central Powers, although finally vanquished, were thus given ground for expecting the privilege of open negotiation on equal terms in the settlements of peace. Under a new form of government, which they had set up for the purpose, they expected to be judged and treated as victims of an autocracy which they had in the end helped to overthrow by a demand for the Kaiser's immediate abdication. Neither the armistice nor the final terms of peace bore out these expectations. As a result, penalties which, though severe, are not so burdensome as the Germans themselves, in case of their victory, would have inflicted, and in fact not essentially different from those which might have followed an unconditional surren-

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der, are now regarded by the German people as having been imposed upon them in violation of an understanding.

This was not a good beginning for the reorganization of the world. If it accelerated the conclusion of an armistice which defeat had necessitated, the only reason why it can be held to have done so is that hopes were awakened that were not realized; and it introduced conditions of procedure which, as Colonel House has recently alleged, resulted in postponing a preliminary peace which could have been made, he thinks, before Christmas of 1918, thus promptly releasing a starving Europe for its difficult task of recuperation.

Mr. Wilson's illusory terms of peace served, no doubt, to signalize a temporary diplomatic triumph for the Administration at Washington and as a means of placing Mr. Wilson in a position of immense influence at the Peace Conference.

That the acceptance of his programme as a basis for negotiation gave him a prevailing voice in its deliberations cannot be questioned. The questionable point is the propriety of an American President's assuming a preponderant rôle in settlements which were, after all, chiefly European and affecting the permanent interests of Europe. To do this without consultation with any advisory body in the United States,—particularly the President's partner in exercising the treaty-making power, the Senate,—was clearly to presume at the same time upon European deference to American influence and upon American confidence in the personal discretion of the President.

The President went to Paris avowedly to give the Peace Conference the benefit of his "counsel," not in any way to assume new and unprecedented obligations for the United States. No definite plan of international organization had ever been proposed to the country or to the Senate by Mr. Wilson; but, as we now know, he had prepared a plan before he left the United States which he did not disclose. The composition of the delegation he had personally selected and of which he was the self-appointed head, the size and character of the retinue that accompanied him including more than a thousand subordinates, and above all the studied silence concerning what was intended, not only toward the public but his partner the Senate and even members of his Cabinet, awakened at the time much general

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comment, and in some quarters created serious disquietude concerning the President's purposes.

Authoritative warning was, in fact, given that any treaty to which the President might subscribe at Paris would receive the closest scrutiny by the Senate, particularly if it committed the United States to any obligations of a character not required for the prompt conclusion of the war. On December 18, 1918, Senator Knox introduced in the Senate a resolution proposing the postponement of "the larger and very disputable question of some comprehensive League of Nations for that separate and very deliberate consideration that its nature demands." On December 21st, Senator Lodge said in the Senate:

> The attempt to tack the provisions for an effective League of Nations to the Treaty of Peace now making with Germany would be to launch the nations who have been fighting Germany on a sea of boundless discussion, the very thing Germany most desires. . . . If the attempt were successful . . . and if it were to come before the Senate, it might endanger the Peace Treaty and force amendments. It certainly would lead to very long delays.

At the end of 1918, on account of what the United States forces had accomplished in the war, the prestige of the President in Europe was immense, far greater than it had ever been in America.

If ever, it was a time for "open covenants, openly arrived at." But the President celebrated his departure by having his Postmaster General take over the ocean cables, which had not been thought necessary during the war. Suddenly, while the President in silence put the Atlantic between him and his country, all the means of communication with Europe were placed under Government control!

While the newspapers were filled with the President's speeches to the public in his circular tour as an apostle of peace in Europe, nothing was known of what he was promising in the Supreme Council regarding the future obligations of the United States.

In the fourteenth of the President's "Fourteen Points," he had spoken of "a general association of nations under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike." Precisely what this was intended to mean was not clear, but no one supposed that the United States would ever assent to become the guarantor

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of the boundaries and independence of all the countries in the world.

That France would be willing to enter into any such general association of which Germany was to be a member, or England to accept international control to maintain the "freedom of the seas, alike in peace and war," as the President hoped, no well informed person in the United States believed; but, even after Clémenceau had made the position of France on this point evident, Mr. Wilson, on December 30, 1918, at Manchester, speaking of America, said:

> I want to say very frankly to you that she is not now interested in European politics, but she is interested in the partnership of right between America and Europe. If the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at a right poise by a balance of power the United States would take no interest, because she will join no combination of power which is not a combination of all of us. She is not interested merely in the peace of Europe, but in the peace of the world.

In this statement Mr. Wilson, no doubt, voiced the sentiments of the American people so far as peace is concerned. They desired the peace of the world. They were ready to see the Great War through to a triumphant finish, but they had no wish to become entangled in European politics.

Nothing would have given the American people greater satisfaction than for the President to have said: This war arose from a European quarrel. Its settlement is a European question. You have accepted certain principles as a basis of peace. I trust you will make a peace so just and effectual that you can maintain it without reliance upon the intervention of America. But this was no part of Mr. Wilson's programme. He had conceived the idea that he, personally, was to superintend the entire proceedings at Paris. He continued to urge the "general association," even when it was clear that it could not be made general; with the result that it became precisely that entanglement in European politics which he had professed his intention to avoid.

Professor W. Alison Phillips has pertinently quoted Mirabeau as saying "The metaphysician who travels on the map of the world crosses everything without trouble, and is not embarrassed by mountains, or deserts, or rivers, or abysses; but when one wishes to travel in reality, when

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one wishes to arrive at one's destination, it is necessary to remember all the time that one is walking on the earth, and that one is no longer in an ideal world." President Wilson encountered his first reality in Great Britain.

Seeing that Mr. Wilson was aiming to bring the United States into a world combination, British statesmen had promptly busied themselves with plans for utilizing his determination. In a fine spirit of courtesy they took up the expression, " a League of Nations," which he had proposed, and proceeded to adapt it to British uses. Lord Curzon had said in the House of Lords that opinion in England in favor of the League was " rather in advance of the opinion of any of our Allies save the United States "; and added, that " if the British Government went ahead too quickly, or too abruptly, there was danger of a rebuff." The French Government from the beginning had no interest in the League.

Calling upon the inventive powers of General Smuts aided by Lord Robert Cecil, a plan was elaborated which Great Britain could support to her advantage. The scheme, it was frankly confessed, was "modelled on the British Empire, including its crown colonies and protectorates." " The two systems," General Smuts expressly declares, " would closely resemble each other "; and adds, " The League will have a very real rôle to play as the successor to the Empires." The expedient of "mandatories" was to cover with a veil of humanity the effective annexation of vast areas to the spheres of influence of the Great Powers, by which members of the League would rule them as Britain rules her colonies. " So far as the peoples and territories formerly belonging to Russia, Austria-Hungary and Turkey are concerned," says General Smuts, " the League of Nations should be considered as the reversionary in the most general sense, and as clothed with the right of ultimate disposal." At the moment when that sentence was written, secret treaties were already in existence providing for the division and distribution of some of these and other " peoples and territories " among the signatories!

It was soon evident to Mr. Wilson that, by accepting this programme, something in the guise of a " general association " could be formed. On January 19, 1919, the President held a long conference with Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts concerning this project. With the United States and Great Britain united in its support, the

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League of Nations was promptly placed in the forefront of the Conference.

For the first time in the history of this country, an American President had assumed, and on certain conditions had been allowed to exercise, a directing influence on distinctly European affairs. Subject to certain important limitations, Mr. Wilson had obtained the ostensible directorship of the Conference.

" I suggest," he is reported as saying, " that as a practical matter a draft of the League of Nations be made by a commission appointed by the Great Powers. This draft could then be submitted to a larger commission on which the Small Powers would be represented." Mr. Lloyd George suggested that, inasmuch as the League of Nations is to be a sort of shield of the Small Powers, the latter should have representatives on the commission; but Mr. Wilson's proposal prevailed, with the consequence that when, on January 25, 1919, the Conference met in plenary session to hear the President's speech, making the League the first item in the treaty of peace, the Small Powers, as a chronicler of the occasion, reports, " were in belligerent mood, because of the rules restricting them to ' particular interests '; and before the session was over they raised a storm."

It was at this meeting that Mr. Wilson entered upon a new rôle for the President of the United States—a rôle which has not only created a distinct political issue in this country, but which, if sustained, amounts to a repudiation of our constitutional arrangements for making international agreements and places the whole foreign policy of the country absolutely in the hands of one man without the correctives of consultation or review.

Claiming to speak officially, and understood as so speaking, Mr. Wilson informed the plenipotentiaries of the Conference that, unless there was to be the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world, the United States could not take part in " guaranteeing the European settlements." On the other hand, if such superintendence were organized, in order to make it " a vital and not merely a formal thing," he was empowered to pledge to it the support of the United States. With great intensity of feeling, he declared:

> You can imagine, gentlemen, I dare say, the sentiments and the purpose with which representatives of the United States support this

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great project for a League of Nations. We regard it as the keystone of the whole programme, which expresses our purposes and ideals in this war and which the associated nations accepted as the basis of the settlement. If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this programme, we should return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow-citizens.

And then, as if exhibiting full powers to make the pledges incident to this programme, Mr. Wilson added impressively:

We have no choice but to obey their mandate. But it is with the greatest pleasure that we accept that mandate; and because this is the keystone of the whole fabric, we have pledged our every purpose to it, as we have to every item of the fabric. We would not dare abate a single item of the programme which constitutes our instruction.

According to the custom of the Conference, though listened to with keen interest as a statement of American policy, this discourse received neither expressed approval nor disapproval. Without calling for a vote, Clemenceau announced that, if there were no objections, the resolution making the League of Nations a part of the general treaty of peace would be considered as adopted.

After the use of such technical words in the vocabulary of diplomacy as "mandate" and "instruction," of which the delegates "would not dare abate a single item," the one certain conclusion in the minds of the plenipotentiaries was that the President was delivering to the Conference America's authorized ultimatum regarding her participation in its further deliberations.

For the Small Powers, which had looked to the United States to protect their interests by its influence, this was a moment of extreme tension. The League was to be formed and controlled by five Great Powers. Even if it guaranteed their boundaries, these were to be determined by the Supreme Council. Toward the end of the day the gathering storm of protest broke. Representatives of Belgium, Serbia, Greece, Portugal, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Poland, and Roumania all voiced their protest against the discrimination. The Brazilian delegate alleged that it was a "cut-and-dried programme." After much urgency, the Small Powers obtained a larger representation on the League of Nations Commission; Greece, Poland, Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia being added; but as each of the Great Powers had two votes to the Small Powers' one, the former

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retained the majority. The legal equality of independent States was thenceforth to be disregarded.

On February 14th, the first finished draft of "The Constitution of the League of Nations" was read to the full Conference and commented upon by President Wilson. It was not left in doubt that what had been constituted was a new form of sovereign power which the nations were expected to obey, and if necessary would be forced to obey. In unmistakable language Mr. Wilson himself described this new international authority as "the union of wills in a common purpose, a union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which I dare say no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist." And to leave no doubt regarding the compelling power of the League, if any nation attempted to resist it, he added: "Armed force is in the background of this programme, but it *is* in the background, and if the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall."

No such words as those of the President of the United States had ever been uttered in any international conference by any responsible statesman. To those who heard them they could have but one meaning. The United States, with resources but slightly impaired by the war and a great army in the field, was ready to dedicate them to the execution of Mr. Wilson's one distinctive contribution to the substance of the League, the guarantee pledge contained in Article X. This, they were assured, was "the only security for peace"; and it was the "mandate" and the "instruction" of the United States!

It would be unfair to Mr. Wilson to insinuate that he was urging the creation of a super-government for evil purposes. He no doubt sincerely believed that he was doing humanity a great service by creating "a definite guarantee of peace and a definite guarantee against aggression," as he expressed it. But to accomplish this, he was willing to represent that he had official authority which he did not possess, and knew he did not possess. He thought it right, and no violation of his conception of democracy, to assume powers which, great as his office was as President of the United States, his country had never bestowed upon him and, in fact, had unmistakably refused to entrust to him.

For a second time, Mr. Wilson thus introduced into the international situation an element of unreality which seri-

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ously confused it and diverted the thought of the time from the prompt conclusion of a victorious war to an expectation that by every test of actuality was illusory.

While it must be conceded that Mr. Wilson at Paris proposed pledges that he had no authority to make for his own country, it cannot be contended that the European Powers can justly complain that in so grave a matter they were deceived. With less plausibility but not with less assurance, Mr. Wilson assumed to speak for all the peoples of Europe, and to declare their purpose, also, to insist upon this League of Nations or overthrow their governments.

"The nations of the world," he said in his speech at Boston, on revisiting America, "have set their heads to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken in their purpose." He was as sure that he represented the people of Europe in America as he was that he represented the people of America in Europe. "When I speak of the nations," he continued, "I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it."

The plenipotentiaries at Paris should have seen—it is probable that they did see—that the references to "mandates" and "instruction" from America were as imaginary as the revolutions that were to upset their governments. But they felt that they could not assert this when the President of the United States was the person with whom they had to deal. The protest of thirty-nine Senators against the President's procedure clearly indicated that the Senate was yet to be reckoned with, but there could be no negotiation by or with the Senate. The President must be taken at his word, for otherwise there could be no business with the United States.

Were the Senate or the American people bound by what Mr. Wilson proposed or promised at Paris? "Technically," writes Professor Phillips, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1920, "President Wilson might still represent the will of the American people; but in the actual circumstances his reiterated claim to do so only deceived the millions outside who knew nothing of the American Constitution and its workings. If the statesmen of the world were

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also deceived, the fault was theirs; and it is unfair to blame the American people or their representatives if they refuse to be bound by every letter of agreements entered into, at best, by one part of the treaty-making power without any serious attempt to secure the co-operation and consent of the other."

President Wilson had not only failed to seek co-operation and consent from the Senate, he had openly defied the Senators. Replying to the resolution signed by the thirty-nine, he had said in his address in New York, on March 4th, 1919, on the eve of his departure for Europe:

> When that Treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the Treaty tied to the Covenant that you cannot dissect the Covenant from the Treaty without destroying the whole vital structure.

When, on March 14th, Mr. Wilson returned to Paris from the United States, he discovered that a resolution proposed by Mr. Balfour had been adopted in his absence,—inspired perhaps by the caution which the Senate's protest had suggested,—providing for an immediate preliminary treaty of peace with Germany containing all the essential settlements, but omitting entirely the League of Nations.

Insisting that the resolution adopted January 25th, which included the Covenant of the League as a part of the Treaty, should be controlling, Mr. Wilson insisted that the preliminary peace plan should be abandoned. As a friend and apologist of the President has said, "It overturned the most important action of the Conference during the President's absence. . . . Within a few days there was a wave of criticism of Wilson which made all former attacks look pale by comparison."

This result was obtained by President Wilson's simple dictum. Nothing had ever been openly discussed or regularly voted upon in the Peace Conference. Everything was decided by the Supreme Council, which began with ten members, and was reduced to three when Mr. Wilson made his maladroit appeal to "the people of Italy" to overrule the attitude of the Italian Government.

There was, however, further and conclusive evidence that Mr. Wilson's proposal of mutual guarantees in which the United States should share was a purely personal and wholly unauthorized proposition. When he returned to

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the United States with the final draft of "The Constitution of a League of Nations" under the name of a "Covenant," he had nothing further to say about "mandates" or "instructions." His efforts were then directed toward convincing the Senators and the people of the entirely innocuous character of this document; which, far from guaranteeing anything by really effective means, was now represented as producing universal peace by common consent!

This third element of unreality was fully exploited in the conference of the President with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, at the White House, on August 19, 1919.

In an introductory statement the President undertook to disarm opposition by diminishing as much as possible the extent of the obligations contained in the Covenant. The Council of the League, he said, could only "advise upon" the means by which the obligations were to be given effect. The unanimous vote of the Council, he declared, was required before any advice could be given, and the United States had a vote on this subject. As there is no "sanction" that is, no penalty is imposed upon non-fulfillment—there is only a "moral," not a "legal," obligation to execute the Treaty, which "leaves our Congress absolutely free to put its own interpretation upon it in all cases that call for action."

This subtle distinction between different forms of obligation in a treaty evoked expressions of astonishment from several Senators.

As to the privilege of withdrawal in Article I, the President held that the United States would have the right to decide for itself when its obligations had been fulfilled. When Senator Borah inquired if the President was expressing the view entertained by the commission which drew the League, he replied: "That view was not formulated, but I am confident that was the view." "Would there be any objection, then," asked Senator McCumber, "to a reservation declaring that to be the understanding?" Mr. Wilson emphatically declined to have his interpretation thus recorded.

Later on the President's hostility to reservations was brought out more distinctly by the following interchange:

SENATOR MCCUMBER: Mr. President, there are a number of Senators who sincerely believe that under the construction of Article X,

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taken in connection with other clauses and other articles in the treaty, the council can suggest what we should do, and of course, while they admit the council can only advise and suggest, that it is nevertheless our moral duty to immediately obey the council, without exercising our own judgment as to whether we shall go to war or otherwise. Now, the public, the American people, a great proportion of them, have that same conviction, which is contrary to your view. Do you not think, therefore, that it would be well to have a reservation inserted in our resolution that shall so construe that section as to make it clear, not only to the American people but to the world, that Congress may use its own judgment as to what it will do, and that its failure to follow the judgment of the council will not be considered a breach of the agreement?

THE PRESIDENT: We differ, Senator, only as to the form of action. I think it would be a very serious practical mistake to put it in the resolution of ratification.

The President having stated that "with regard to the method of fulfilling the obligations of a covenant like that under consideration there is freedom of judgment on the part of the individual members of the League," Senator Harding said:

The President expressed a while ago surprise that I raised a question as to the value of this compact because of the moral obligation feature. Let me premise by the statement that I look upon a moral obligation as that which the conscience of the contracting party impels. The conscience of any nation in Europe, for example, may be warped by its prejudices, racial, geographical, and otherwise. If that be true and any nation may put aside or exercise its judgment as to the moral obligation in accepting any recommendation of the League, really what do we get out of this international compact in the enforcement of any decree?

The President having answered, that we would "get the centering upon it generally of the definite opinion of the world," Senator Harding replied, "That is surrendering the suggestion of a moral obligation for this Republic to the prejudices or necessities of the nations of the Old World, is it not?" and intimated that it would be quite as moral for this Republic itself to determine its moral obligations! Finally, the President having taken refuge in the statement that we are at liberty to reject the judgment of the world as to a moral obligation, "if our moral judgment honestly differs from the moral judgment of the world," Senator Harding exposed the sophistry of Mr. Wilson's whole theory of obligation by asking, since any other nation may take the same position, "What permanent value is there, then, to this compact?"

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After a refutation so decisive, it would be useless, in any case, to pursue this subject further, so far as Mr. Wilson personally is concerned; but it is not a person, it is a doctrine, which we now have to combat.

It is this constant appeal to purely subjective standards and the unwillingness to be strictly bound by laws and agreements to which no penalty is attached, that vitiate Mr. Wilson's whole theory of government and official duty. There was no legal penalty attached to his shifting utterances during the war or to his merely personal proposals in the negotiations for peace. He recognized no obligations but those of a " moral " nature, which, he considers, contain nothing explicitly binding, since a personal judgment may determine what the obligation really is. At Paris, not being subject to what he regarded as a legal " sanction," he was under no obligation to consider the constitutional rights of his partners in the process of treaty-making; and could, therefore, freely speak of " mandates " and " instructions " in any way he judged expedient. At Washington, he could interpret Article X as calling for no action, until a country had been invaded, devastated and subjugated, when the question of preserving its territorial integrity and political independence would for the first time arise; and even then each country could take its own advice about it!

Moral obligations do not require treaties to make them binding. They are binding from their very nature. Treaties are intended to make understandings clear, definite, and objectively verifiable. Private judgment does not enter into the interpretation of laws, treaties, and constitutions. They are designed to render accepted obligations imperative. When these are once undertaken honor requires that they must be discharged as they are written.

The chief question regarding the League of Nations is, What is to be done with Article X? In his speech at St. Louis, on September 5, 1919, Mr. Wilson said there was " not a doubtful meaning in the whole document." If, as he insists, this article is the " heart," or the " backbone," of the Treaty, the obligation exists unconditionally for all who accept it, " to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

The Democratic Platform and the Democratic candidate for the Presidency support the President in saying.

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that we are in honor bound to accept this obligation because Mr. Wilson has pledged the country to it. After full conference with Mr. Wilson,—neither being authorized to commit the United States, except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur,"—Mr. Cox has declared: "What he promised, I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give." And the President, satisfied that his legacy of promises has passed into loyal hands, has announced: "He and I were absolutely at one with regard to the great issue of the League of Nations."

This commitment was unqualified. The Democratic candidate is now bound in honor to accept and perform all the obligations of the Covenant. Are we to have from him a new application of Mr. Wilson's theory of obligations? Is he ready, in Mr. Wilson's words, to enter into that "union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist"? Is he prepared to say, "If the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall?" Has he considered what Mr. Wilson's promises imply?

When Mr. Lloyd George was urged by a deputation of the "League to Abolish War" to make the Covenant of the League of Nations effective by stopping the war against Poland, he replied:

> There are two supreme difficulties in the way of bringing the League into full operation now. The first is that all the Powers that have available forces are so absorbed in other duties cast upon them by the war, that they cannot support the decisions of the League. But the second is that the Power which has the means, which has the freedom from entanglement, and which seemed to us at one moment to have all the enthusiasm, has withdrawn. . . . I believe the withdrawal of America from apparent adhesion to the League is a temporary one. But it would be idle now to enter into any discussion with America. Neither of the two parties would commit itself. But these are temporary difficulties, and I am putting them forward rather as an encouragement to the friends of the League.

Speaking of an international army, which the deputation was demanding, the Premier continued:

> As a preliminary stage you must have international contributions, before you can ever reach the point of an international army. That may be an ideal, but I am perfectly certain you have got to begin by levying contributions upon States, by saying: "England contributes

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5,000, France so much, Norway so much, Sweden so much, and so on." You must do it in that way.

What, since she is now free from entanglement, is America's quota of that army to be, when the Treaty is ratified with "its essential integrity unimpaired," as the Democratic Party and its candidate promise it shall be, if they are in power? Who is to command the army? Whose quarrels is it to settle? How shall the side on which it is to fight be decided? The Council of the League, if permitted, would answer all these questions; and if the United States, after placing itself under that direction, should fail to respond to its decisions, the League would hold that this country had repudiated its obligations.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS AND FRANCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*.

IT would seem impertinent for a Frenchman to think of interfering in the American Presidential Election—just as impertinent as for a stranger to meddle in a family quarrel. In America a Frenchman must not know either Republicans or Democrats; he must know only Americans.

However, the election which will be held in America next November affects Europe and France directly. It will speak out regarding the problems on which depend the life and peace of France, Europe and the world. By virtue of this reason—and by virtue of this reason only—may a Frenchman be allowed to lift up his voice and to say simply and honestly what he thinks, what he hopes or what he fears.

Europe, scarcely awakened from her bloody nightmare, is menaced to-day by two dangers which threaten to complete her ruin: Bolshevism—which signifies the contest of the citizens of the same country among themselves; war—which is the struggle of the citizens of one country with those of another.

First, let us consider Bolshevism.

It is a malady essentially Russian. At first at least, it seemed that it could never be anything but a Russian malady, just as the bubonic plague is particularly an Indian disease. To make a Bolshevist at least three conditions are necessary: one must be ignorant, one must be credulous, one must be brutal. Russia is the only country in which these three conditions are found in the highest degree.

An officer of the French Mission who was in Petrograd in March, 1917, when the Revolution broke out and when the Republic was proclaimed, tells how on the day of the beginning of the new régime he met a group of workmen

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on the Neva quay and said to them: "Well, my friends, so now you are happy, here you are in a republic . . . "

"In a republic!" cried the principal workman, "not much we are! Look at the policeman who is guarding the big bridge. He is still there. That's the proof that we are not in a republic. In a republic there are no policemen."

No one but a Russian or an Oriental could give such an answer. In the same way it is only the Russians who could organize a socialist régime whose chief progress consists in making laborers work twelve hours a day and in forcing on its citizens twenty years of military service.

So it seemed that Bolshevism could never cross the Russian frontiers. And yet see how it has spread and won other regions which one would have thought impossible. It held sway for several weeks in Hungary, a country of riches and intelligence. It almost reigned in Prussia, a country of hierarchy and discipline. It has a strong hold on Italy, a Latin country of light and sunshine. It nibbles even at England, an Anglo-Saxon country of robust good sense and proverbial calm.

France alone resists. She has, it is true, here and there, in her great industrial cities, in Paris, Brest, Saint-Etienne, Marseilles, a few fanatics who have been attacked by the frightful disease. But it is the very smallest minority. Out of the 40 million French we may say that there are not 50,000 Bolshevists, and—what is more interesting still—we may say that there are 39,500,000 citizens who have a hatred and horror of Bolshevism. It seems to them a monstrosity and an impossibility.

The Frenchman who, it must never be forgotten, belongs to a people the large majority of which are peasants, is imbued above all by two sentiments: that of property and that of equality.

Every Frenchman is the proprietor of something, if not of a field, it is of a bond or a savings bankbook. M. François Marsal, Finance Minister, mentioned the other day that at the time of the last national loan there were almost ten million individual subscriptions, that is to say, one out of every four Frenchmen, owning some money, came to bring it to the State. Just go try to talk to such people about communism, confiscation and collectivism. They see red, but not in the sense that the Reds want them to see, and they are ready to jump for their pitchforks or their

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guns to defend what they consider as their property, the property of their family, the property of their children.

In addition, every Frenchman believes profoundly in the equality of citizens. It was to win this equality, much more than liberty, that the French fought the great Revolution of 1789, and he is fiercely tenacious in the preservation of this equality. Just go tell him that this equality no longer exists, that two or three millions of laborers alone will have in the future the right to vote, to legislate, to govern, that the rest of the nation will have nothing to do but to obey—and he will look upon you as fit for the madhouse. And should you insist too long he will give another glance toward the corner where his pitchfork or his gun stands.

So then, there is no chance for Bolshevism in France. It may be be able to send four or five deputies, good talkers, to the Chamber; it may be a subject for newspapers; it may cause some loose-mouthed meetings. It will never be able to hold sway on a square mile of French earth without all France's rising up against it to crush and pulverize it.

That is why France to-day does not want to hear any talk of parleys with the Soviets. It is a question, I would almost say, of religion. France believes in the religion of property, and the Soviets wish to destroy property. France believes in the religion of the sovereignty of the people and of the equality of the citizens; the Soviets recognize only the sovereignty of a small class of laborers and intend to make the nine-tenths of the citizens slaves of the last tenth. No business, no compromise with that. One may come to terms about a debt, one may compromise on a payment; but one cannot come to terms or compromise on a principle. So France has said to the Soviets: "Are you ready to recognize the debts contracted in the past by the Russian people? Are you above all ready to submit your régime to the approbation of the Russian people's universal suffrage? . . . No? . . . Then go your way. We have nothing to do with you."

France turns her face toward America, seeking to discover how America looks upon this principal point of modern right. And when she reads a declaration like that which Senator Harding made in his speech of acceptance, she cannot hide her joy. Said Senator Harding:

> The Constitution contemplates no class and recognizes no group. It

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broadly includes all the people, with specific recognition for none. . . . We do hold to the right to crush sedition, to stifle a menacing contempt for law, to stamp out a peril to the safety of the republic or its people, when emergency calls, because security and the majesty of the law are the first essentials of Liberty."

M. Millerand, to whom this passage of Senator Harding's speech was shown, declared:

It would be hard to think more clearly or to express the thought better. . . . We think, word for word, the same things, but perhaps we should not have known how to express them in so noble a language.

So then, in this peril of Bolshevism which menaces Europe, France counts on America's being at her side to defend the sovereignty of the people, to defend all that makes the essence of democracy. An autocracy, let it be of a class of nobles, a class of soldiers, or a class of laborers, remains an autocracy, that is to say, an abominable thing. France counts on America to condemn the autocracy from below as she has condemned the autocracy from above.

And so, if next November the president elected by the American people speaks as did Senator Harding in his speech of acceptance, I can assure him of a brilliant popularity, even to the smallest hut in France—a magnificent and enthusiastic popularity.

But it is not only Bolshevism which menaces Europe. There is also the menace of war. And war is not an Asiatic or Oriental plague; it is, alas, a universal plague.

But for this men have thought they have found a cure. Some call it the "Association of Nations," others call it the "League of Nations."

In his speech of acceptance Senator Harding expressed himself as follows:

I can speak unreservedly of the American aspiration and the Republican committal for an association of nations, cooperating in sublime accord, to attain and preserve peace through treaties rather than force, determined to add to security through international law, so clarified that no misconstruction can be possible without affronting world honor.

Governor Cox, on the other side, pictured the terrible destructiveness of war under modern conditions, asserting that one sufficiently equipped nation could conquer the world in a single year. The League of Nations, he added, would render this impossible, and the question is whether we are to join this practical humane movement.

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Now, here we must explain ourselves clearly. The French have not been niggardly in their support of the humane movement set going by Wilson, and of which Governor Cox declared himself the admirer. They will not refuse their support either to the Association of Nations advocated by Senator Harding, and it will never be they whom one will find " misconstrue the international law and affront the world's honor." But there are one or two elementary truths which we must look at in the face.

The first truth is this: Does one believe that an association of all the races of the world, so different in their mentality, their language, their customs, is possible, or even desirable? The word Association has in it the meaning of a group of individuals having in common a certain number of ideas or principles. But if these persons think and speak differently, what Association is possible among them?

Let us give some examples.

Elihu Root, when in Paris, told some Frenchmen lately about the trip he made to Petrograd in 1917, to investigate the Russian Revolution. He told how one day Count Tolstoi, son of the great Tolstoi, said to him:

" The next revolution will be in America, because there are in that country two things which are intolerable which America must get rid of, capitalism and public opinion."

Well! I ask, if that is the idea of the Russian nation, what association is possible with it? What kind of international law could we evolve together with it? And when a people is ready to affront the public opinion of the world is it not ready to affront the honor of the world?

Let me cite another example which relates to unfortunate Armenia and which shows us how strange, troubled, and difficult it is to understand the mentality of the peoples of the Orient.

In 1895 massacres broke out at Sivas. All the Christians were killed. There was there the French Consul, M. Carlier, with his wife. He caught up a gun and handed one to his wife. Then the two went out on the terrace of their house and hoisted the French flag. They waited until all that was left of the Armenians and Christians had taken refuge in the consulate; then they shut the gates and for three months were in a state of regular siege. Morning and evening the Consul kept guard on the roof of his residence. When the besieging crowd became too pressing he would

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aim and fire. When he was overcome by fatigue his wife would stand guard for him. Well, one morning while he was at his daily post on the top of his consulate, M. Carlier heard a shot whistle past his ears. The shot had been fired behind him, almost point blank, by some one who was *in the house*. He turned, saw the gun still smoking from which the shot had been fired and the man who had fired it—it was an Armenian whom he had welcomed at his hearth for three days and whose life he had undoubtedly saved. The Consul flung himself on him and asked: "You wretch! what are you trying to do? . . . Why should you want to kill me, your benefactor, who at the peril of my life am defending you and yours?"

The Armenian fell on his knees and replied: "Yes, it is true, I wanted to kill you because I said to myself that if they learned that the French Consul had been assassinated French sailors and soldiers would be sent here at once. And that would be the end of the Turkish occupation. . . ."

That is the mentality of some of those who have been massacred! . . . It does not always fit in with the conception we have of the events in the Orient. We have been determined to see only, on one side, bloody executioners, and, on the other, innocent victims. It is less clear and more complicated. And again I ask, does one believe it easy to form an association with a race which, even in misfortune, is capable of such subtleties and such complicated combinations? What international law, so clarified that no misconstruction will be possible can one agree upon with them? What certitude that they will ever understand us and that we shall ever understand them?

The second truth is that there is no court of justice in the world, in any geographical latitude whatever, the decisions of which are not writs of execution by force. When in any country any tribunal renders a decree this decree is respected. In case of necessity policemen are employed to make it respected.

Are the partisans of the Leagues of Nations, of the Associations of Nations, of International Tribunals, ready or not, when their league, their association, their tribunal, shall have decided something to make this decision respected in employing force if necessary? If yes, then the league, the association, the tribunal, may be workable. If not, then the tribunal, the association, the league, will be nothing more

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than a talking club added to all the other talking clubs of the world.

Here again France and Europe turn to America. They expect from America not words but deeds. They expect from her marvelous practical genius a practical system for an International Tribunal and a League of Nations. It was a telephone that worked which Edison invented. It was an aeroplane that flew which the Wright Brothers made. We ask of the country of Edison and of the Wrights that they present us with a system for a League of Nations that will work. If there were nothing needed but eloquence and to invent poetical formulas, the statesmen of old Europe would have been sufficient.

And there is still something more that we expect from the future president of the United States: it is that he will remember that to us French America is not only the greatest material force of the universe, but that she is also the greatest moral force of the world. May he not let this moral force slumber!

For a year now we have been assisting at a sorrowful spectacle. Europe is divided on the principal questions of moral and right. She is not in accord on the question whether those culpable of the atrocities committed during the war shall be punished; she is not in accord on the question of whether the Bolshevist régime is a régime with which civilization may negotiate, enter into treaties, and conclude bargains. To decide these questions conference after conference is assembled. One day they discuss them in a London fog, another day among the orange trees of San Remo, another day on the Boulogne beach, another day beneath the trees of Spa. But always, everywhere, in these conferences in which the greatest problems of humanity, the rights of nations, the peace of the world are debated, one seat remains vacant: it is that of the United States. Sometimes a man comes and sits in it; he listens but he has not the right to speak. He is a silent observer. And this silent observer is the representative of the greatest people of the world.

We in France say that this can not go on so. It is not America's riches, nor her gold, nor her ships, nor her cannon nor her soldiers that we want—it is her counsels. In the unfortunate contest we are now undergoing with certain of our allies we firmly believe that we have right and common

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sense on our side. Nevertheless, we may be mistaken. Don't let America remain a silent observer! Let her only speak! Let her decide! If we are right let her give us the moral support to which we have the right. If we are wrong let her show us the road to follow. America is the justest nation in the world. Never in her short history has she committed an iniquity or an abuse of power. She is also the most disinterested nation of the universe. That gives to her the right to speak out loud and that gives her the assurance that her voice will be always heard.

"It is better," said Senator Harding, "to be the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience, than be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom of action and gives to a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world."

There again are noble words which we cannot but approve. And although the written compact which was promised to us at Versailles had for its end to guarantee France against the horrors she had suffered, we will renounce it gladly. The covenant of the American conscience will suffice us. But this conscience must not remain mute or indifferent. It must pronounce its verdicts. It must guide the world.

May the president who will be elected in November not remain a silent observer! May he never send into our conferences a silent observer! The silent observer has a name in history. He is called Pontius Pilate!

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, August, 1920.

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THE POLITICAL SCENE IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A. F. WHYTE

Joint Editor of *The New Europe*

PARLIAMENTARY politics in Great Britain are in the transition stage between the national unity of the war and the normal party divisions of the new era. Not for many a long day has the future been so uncertain, the study of political probabilities more baffling or more interesting. Not only have the old party divisions been obliterated by the war, but the personalities on whom the electorate used to rely for leadership have lost most of their old magic of persuasion. As we survey the ranks of our political leaders we see great gaps, and even greater changes in the relative prestige of one man over another. In July, 1914, there were three or four men in British public life who were the equals —even the superiors—of Mr. Lloyd George. The country had then infinitely greater confidence in Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Edward Grey; while Mr. Lloyd George was regarded with some trepidation even by his friends. Today the scene is changed—not perhaps in the sense that Mr. Lloyd George inspires any less trepidation among those who disapprove of his methods—but because the great mass of the people has responded to the magnetism of his leadership during the last five years, and so he has become a national leader where before the war he was only a daring party chief. It is the purpose of this article to give, in the form of a foot-note to contemporary political history, some account of the changes now going on within the body of British politics.

When the end of the war came in sight in the early autumn of 1918 it was clear that a general election could not long be postponed. The House of Commons then in being was elected in December, 1910, with a legal lease of life of five years. It should have come to an end on or before Nov.

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30, 1915; but the circumstances of the war were such as absolutely to forbid the outbreak of political strife; and thus Parliament, with the active approval of the country, prolonged its own life by temporary enactments from year to year. The third of these prolongations was near its end in September, 1918, and speculation was rife whether the Government would hold an election at an early date or would prolong the life of Parliament once more. The argument in favor of the latter course seemed to be overwhelming. The great majority of commonsense people did not wish to interfere with Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of power, or even to pass judgment upon it in any way, until after the definite signature of peace. Moreover, they foresaw that there could be no genuine political consultation of the people until the conditions of war had to some extent passed away, until peace was signed, until the army was demobilized, and, most of all, until the electorate as a whole had taken stock of its new political and economic situation in the exceptional circumstances created by the war. This argument naturally led to the conclusion that, on the assumption that the war would end before Christmas, 1918, there would be no election until about a year later. The case thus presented seemed to be unanswerable. But Mr. Lloyd George found an answer. He declared that the supreme thing was to give the British representatives going to Paris to make peace a fresh and unequivocal mandate from the British people. On the merits of the question this was not a good answer. Mr. Lloyd George himself was the head of the Delegation; and he required no electoral proof of his power or prestige which was never higher, popularly speaking, than in November, 1918. Brushing aside the excuse given by Mr. Lloyd George for making his election, we can see that the real motive was to give him a renewed lease of political life.

The election itself, as readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will remember, degenerated into an orgy of chauvinism. It had no real political character whatever; and as it proceeded it showed the worst side of Mr. Lloyd George's character. I believe that he himself embarked on the election with the intention of carrying out a not altogether extravagant programme; but yielding to the clamour of the moment he switched the election on to the Kaiser and German indemnities. "Hanging the Kaiser," and "making Germany pay" were the only cries to be heard throughout

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the length and breadth of the country. The attempt made by some of the Independent Liberal leaders and by the Labor party to raise the problem of the economic future of the country utterly failed. The country was in no mood to think, or talk, sense. It was celebrating victory; and the overwhelming majority which the Government won can be interpreted as nothing more than a national vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd George for winning the war.

Even before the election was held the political situation was rather more complicated than is usually the case on the eve of an electoral struggle. The Conservative party was the only united powerful political organization, but it had no leaders. Its one supreme personality, Mr. Arthur Balfour, was about to become a mere spectator, and its actual leader, Mr. Bonar Law, though he had won considerable prestige and popularity by the handling of the House of Commons during the war, never was and is not now a national leader. The Liberal party possessed at least two leaders, but was split in half by a controversy, at once personal and political, between them. When Mr. Asquith's Cabinet fell in 1916, a chasm was dug between those who were afterwards called Coalition Liberals and Independent Liberals. The Independent Liberals following Mr. Asquith declared that their leader's fall had been brought about by the treachery of Mr. Lloyd George. There is some truth in the charge, though "treachery" is an ugly and excessive word to use in this connection. Neither Mr. Lloyd George, nor Lord Northcliffe, nor the Conservative party, nor all three put together, would have been powerful enough in 1916 to destroy the Coalition Government if Mr. Asquith himself had not contrived to give the country the impression that he lacked not only vigour but—what was much more vital—the conviction that he could win. No doubt the methods used by Lord Northcliffe and others, not excluding Mr. Lloyd George himself, were not easy to justify or condone. But if I join in the censure passed by Liberals upon the Lloyd George-Northcliffe intrigue I cannot assign to it the first place among the events which brought about the change of government in 1916. The country wanted a stronger government, and one with greater vigour. Mr. Lloyd George provided it; and when victory was won under his auspices two years later he stood at the zenith of

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his popular fame, while Mr. Asquith fell—not into oblivion, but into an abyss of unpopularity.

The plan which Mr. Lloyd George entertained on the eve of the election was as follows: The new House of Commons would be composed roughly speaking of three sections—

1. The Conservative Party (the right wing of the Coalition).

2. The Coalition Liberals personally attached to himself.

3. An opposition composed of Mr. Asquith's followers and of the Labor Party.

Neither then, nor for a while after the election, did Mr. Lloyd George pay any attention to Ireland; and that is one of his most serious and unpardonable blunders. The Irish vote—both in Ireland itself and in the House of Commons—was not included in his calculations. He assumed that his Coalition Government would continue in power supported by a political alliance of Coalition Conservatives and Coalition Liberals. He also assumed that the time would come, soon or late, when his conservative partners in the coalition would be unable to swallow the radicalism of his programme. And it is clear that he intended at that time to carry out a political programme of progressively liberal character, choosing some dramatic moment of conflict with the Conservatives, throwing them over, taking the Asquithians and the Labor party into his Government, and thrusting the whole Conservative party into opposition. This plan could only work if the three sections mentioned above were approximately equal in size. The caprice of the electorate, and the skill of the Conservative party managers completely upset Mr. Lloyd George's plan, with the result that the new Parliament contained, in round numbers, 380 *Conservatives,* 150 *Coalition Liberals,* 60 *Labor men* and 30 *Independent Liberals.* The total membership of the House of Commons is 707, the outstanding 80 seats being held by the Irish Sinn Fein party who refused to attend at Westminster. Though this result was a personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George, it was only momentary. The results were declared on December 28, 1918; and before the middle of January Mr. Lloyd George's second thoughts showed the depth of his chagrin. In a speech delivered in North Wales, early in January, he threatened his predom-

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inant Conservative partners in the Coalition with another early general election if they refused to take the line of progress which he proposed to lay for them. In making this threat Mr. Lloyd George did not seem to recognize his own weakness. Not only had the result of the general election upset his project, but he was in no position to issue marching orders to the Conservatives for the very good reason that he did not know where he was going himself. That is to say, he knew in general terms that he wanted a good peace; that houses must be built in England; and that someone must take the profiteers by the throat; but neither that nor the war cries of the election sufficed to make a policy. Indeed, no government ever entered office with such overwhelming public support and with such complete poverty of programme. The character of the Ministry gives us the clue to this poverty. It was a coalition, and therefore could never achieve anything more than a negative unity. Ministers were united in resisting their critics; they were united in denouncing the Bolsheviks; they were for a short time united in believing that they could make Germany pay; but when they came to discuss any positive project of political action or legislation, they found themselves divided by a fundamental cleavage of political opinion.

In such circumstances their chief security lay in the weakness of the Opposition. Indeed, in the ordinary parliamentary sense of the word there was no Opposition; and before long it became evident that the most urgent political need of the moment was the restoration of parliamentary equilibrium by a more approximately equal distribution of power between the Government and the Opposition. Both in numbers and in quality the Liberal and Labor parties in Parliament were too poor to drive home any effective criticism against the Government; and therefore the Government and the Coalition majority developed a dangerous lack of discipline which led them into a whole series of errors. It cannot be said that the ranks of the Coalition parties themselves were particularly rich in talent. One of the most remarkable and unhappy features of the general election was the preference shown by the electorate for very mediocre candidates. A less distinguished House of Commons never assembled at Westminster after an election. The election was held at a moment when public opinion was in a state of

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high emotion—and therefore of instability; and while it is certainly true that the House of Commons represented accurately the state of the public mind on Armistice night, it is also true that within six weeks the House had lost its representative character, and that the country had repented of its extravagant action in the previous November. In a series of remarkable by-elections held in different parts of the country, and therefore reasonably representative of the average national opinion, the electorate reversed in 1919 the judgment given at the end of 1918. The former year was thus a period in which coalition stock fell heavily in popular esteem. The Opposition parties, and especially the Labor party, were presented with a great opportunity which they completely failed to exploit. The failure of the Labor party has such significance for the immediate future of British politics that we may turn aside for a moment to examine the causes which gave rise to somewhat extravagant labor hopes and those other causes which have defeated them.

The war lasted so long that the vast mass of British opinion became wholly detached from its pre-war associations. Party allegiance lost its hold; and millions of men and women looked at the problems and personalities of the war and of post-war politics with entirely new eyes. Party controversy was banished from the political scene, though to be sure party spirit occasionally raised its head in the House of Commons; and the whole machinery of party politics was diverted from its normal use to the propagation of Allied doctrine, the propaganda of economy of food control, and the war loans. The outstanding party chiefs on both sides were wholly immersed in the huge preoccupations of the war, and naturally gave no thought to domestic problems except in so far as they were raised by such questions as the national use of man power and the production of munitions. Meanwhile there grew up in the public mind, whence no one quite knew, a general feeling that the Allies were fighting not only to end war, but to recreate Europe, and to establish happier democratic conditions in Great Britain. There is no doubt that, apart from the grim resolve to win the war, this feeling was the most active motive in the public mind. As President Wilson truly said, there were voices in the air—voices proclaiming that the end of the war would be the threshold of a new earth. Lead-

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ing politicians of both the older parties failed to catch these voices or to understand their message; but a group of far-seeing and able labor leaders, most of them drawn from the despised intellectuals, made a shrewd guess that the public would receive with acclamation the announcement of a wholly new political programme. The prospect was discussed and reviewed time and again by this group; the ground was explored; and finally a programme was launched under the title of "Labor and the New Social Order."

This appeal formed the most remarkable political document that has seen the light of day in England for many years. Without describing any branch of policy in great detail, it drew the outlines of an ambitious and generous programme with a free hand; and contrived to give the expectant public the impression that labor had not only the will, but the power and the brain, to carry it to fruition. Thus, at a moment when discredit had fallen upon the older parties, when the party chiefs of former times were being judged solely as national leaders in a time of stress, the voice of Labor sounded a new note appropriate to the state of the public mind. By the middle of 1918 the prospect of an early increase in the political power of the Labor party was held out; and the organizers of the party laid their plans to transform it from what it had hitherto been, namely a trade-union group, into a national party. Throwing open their doors to talent wherever it could be found, they declared that any worker of hand or brain—from whatever class he might come—would be a welcome member of the party, provided he subscribed to the general principles of its programme. These principles were not explicitly socialistic, though their expression in "Labor and the New Social Order" was to be read as the first step towards a socialistic state coloured by the prevailing British love of compromise. Hence the programme was couched in terms which made it acceptable to large numbers of Liberals whose entry into the ranks of the Labor party brought to it a much needed accession of strength.

With all these omens in its favor the Labor party nevertheless has failed. It can indeed claim that its growth has been not unsatisfactory, but compared with the hopes entertained two years ago its present position must be severely disappointing to its leaders. Success has deserted it

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for several reasons. In the first place, the programme of labor and the new social order has not yet enlisted the enthusiastic support and the devoted propaganda service of the rank and file of the party. It is regarded with suspicion by many of them because of its intellectual origin; and this dislike of the intellectual group to whom the Labor party owes so much is carried by the trade unions to the extent of excluding many of its best men from opportunities to serve in Parliament or to give effective aid in the development of labor as a political force. Not only so: but when the New Social Order was presented to the British public in terms of nationalization, it suffered seriously in popular esteem owing to the not altogether justifiable disrepute into which national management had fallen during the war. A third important factor in the political failure of labor has been the feeling in many parts of the country that organized labor had done very well out of the war, was becoming a little too arrogant, and needed reproof. The fourth factor is the incompetence of the parliamentary Labor party, which though 60 strong in the House of Commons has literally done nothing during the last two years. The combined effect of these factors has been to give labor a serious setback, and so the party has reaped little or no profit from the favorable circumstances of last year.

The Liberal party has done little better. It has not recovered from the disaster of 1918; and while Mr. Asquith's return to the House of Commons as a result of the by-election in Paisley last February was hailed as the opening of a new era of effective political campaigning by the party, in sober truth, his presence in Parliament during the last six months has made very little difference. It is disappointing for Liberals to confess that they are unable to break the vicious circle in which they move. Mr. Asquith's leadership is not inspiring, because he has no one to lead. There are, however, signs that Liberalism is still a great power in the country. Many of Mr. Lloyd George's recent actions show that his acute political sense has told him that the country wants a Liberal rather than a Tory policy. Such a state of the public mind ought to be a welcome opportunity to an Independent Liberal leader in Mr. Asquith's position; but Mr. Asquith himself, in common with some other prominent Liberals, seems least of all men to have caught the meaning of those voices in the air of which I spoke, and

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therefore in his public speeches too often fails to strike a note in tune with the public mind. The note of controversy in his speeches belongs more to 1914 than to 1920; and the general public have little patience with people who want to explain or justify things that everyone else has forgotten. In the House of Commons the Liberal Opposition is only some 30 strong. In common with the Labor party it profited by the rapid revulsion of feeling during 1919; but when the public saw that neither Liberalism nor Labor could offer an immediate or effective alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition they revised their second thoughts, and the course of the last dozen by-elections since the beginning of the present year substantially indicates that, while Labor is growing and Liberalism still a force, the Coalition has a firmer hold on public opinion than it had a year ago.

The truth probably is not that the Coalition is any more popular than it was in 1919 but that everyone recognizes in Mr. Lloyd George the only truly dynamic public figure; and that till a rival of approximately equal magnitude arises to challenge him in the House or in the country his power will remain.

In the circumstances in which the war has left us, with party affiliations broken up, and with a prevailing feeling that many of the ills to which we are heir are beyond the immediate power of man to cure, it is natural that so skilled a political performer as the Prime Minister should have the stage all to himself. Behind this popular attitude towards Mr. Lloyd George there is a daily growing flame of dissatisfaction. A review of the present situation and commitments of the British Government does not conduce to the peace of mind of sober citizens. We have undertaken too much; we are spending too much. In these two sweeping statements is to be found the gravamen of the charge against the present Government. The charge is serious enough in all conscience; and what is required is a vigilant and self-respecting House of Commons to bring it home to the Ministry. But there are also reasons for satisfaction. Not, perhaps, with the Government, but with the general improvement in our position. Whether we have reached the summit of high prices or not, the economic situation in Great Britain is fairly satisfactory. The development of our productive power after the war has proceeded more rapidly than the pessimists believed; and though the Government

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has made a terrible mess of the housing problem the industrial situation has on the whole been excellent. The substantial recovery of the sterling exchange on New York in the last six months is but one index of our general improvement. The outlook for the next six months is not quite so good, however; a certain contraction in trade is already visible though this may only be due to the prospective uncertainty of movements in prices.

With such reasons for general satisfaction it is not altogether surprising that the Government should be in a fairly strong position. No doubt its main strength lies in the absence of an alternative. No doubt, too, it would be a better government if it were more homogeneous. But meanwhile it holds the field, and seems likely to live for at least two years more.

The personalities who play the principal part in the parliamentary life of the Coalition, apart from Mr. Lloyd George, are not numerous. Mr. Bonar Law, who is leader of the House of Commons, won a well-deserved reputation for skill and candour during the war, but the present House seems to prefer the manner of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill has had many parliamentary opportunities in the last two sessions, and has made the most of them. In army affairs, and in his attitude towards Russia, he represents a large body of Coalition opinion, which, however, is not widely shared in the country outside. He has usually been regarded as the stormy petrel of politics, whose appearance on the scene was the signal for a lively time; but on more than one occasion—notably during the Amritzar debate in July—he played the unwonted art of conciliator, managing the House with unusual skill. From the immediate parliamentary point of view therefore his star is in the ascendant, but he has little following in the country. Of the other Liberal ministers in the Coalition both Mr. Edwin Montagu and Mr. Herbert Fisher are distinguished men who have done much to uphold the progressive idea in politics during a difficult time. Mr. Fisher's Education Act of 1918 gave him well deserved prestige, and though he has not succeeded quite so well during the present session he is one of the principal assets of the Coalition Government. In Indian affairs Mr. Montagu has contrived to secure the united support of the Cabinet for a genuinely liberal policy, in opposition to

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many reactionary elements in the House. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has had to face violent opposition from business interests, and has also aroused serious doubts of his firmness as guardian of the public purse in the matter of expenditure. Of the new ministers, Sir Robert Horne, a skilful Scottish barrister who won his administrative spurs during the war, is not only the most successful in Parliament but has secured in an unusual degree the confidence of Mr. Lloyd George. He must be regarded as a personality to be reckoned with; and, though he was an ordinary party man before the war, he has shown a greater adaptability to new circumstances than many of his more experienced colleagues. In the event of a reconstruction of the Government Sir Robert Horne would probably be assigned to one of the more important ministries.

The possibility of such a reconstruction is ever present. A few months ago the opportunity for it seemed to be at hand when Mr. Lloyd George put forward among his Liberal colleagues the idea of a fusion between them and the more progressive Conservatives, in order to form a permanent new party which would stand in the left-centre of politics. The attitude of the Liberal Coalitionists at that time, however, did not encourage Mr. Lloyd George to proceed further with his project. The Liberal ministers felt that in such a fusion their Liberalism would be submerged in what is sometimes called Tory Democracy, and therefore they refused to accept the idea. Then came the National Convention of the Independent Liberals at Leamington. Mr. Lloyd George's Liberal friends attended the meeting on the assumption that the Liberal party, judged as a national organization, was wide enough to contain both themselves and Mr. Asquith's friends. But the latter controlled the Convention, and after a stormy discussion a resolution was passed which practically excommunicated from the Liberal party all those who were members or supporters of the Coalition Government. The feud between the two wings of the Liberal party was thus embittered, and the Coalition Liberals returned to London feeling that perhaps after all they might have to accept fusion with the progressive Tories. A few weeks later, however, a similar convention of the Conservative party displayed some distrust of Lloyd George, being clearly influenced by the fact that the Conservatives, having a majority in the House of Commons, ap-

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peared to be in control of the situation. In a certain measure this is true; but Conservative members of Parliament know very well that, even if they are in a majority, this is a Lloyd George Parliament, owing its very existence to the prestige of the Prime Minister, and that if they were to carry hostility to him beyond a certain point he could threaten a dissolution of Parliament with very awkward results for them. Now at the moment of writing no one desires a dissolution, and therefore the issue will not be forced to the breaking point; but beneath the surface it is clear that forces are at work which would make fusion a very delicate task. Probably Mr. Lloyd George's first step will be to reconstruct his Cabinet in such a way as to strengthen its progressive character by eliminating not only one or two of its personal failures but also some of its more reactionary members. A Cabinet of a distinctly progressive character would be more generally representative of public feeling—an influence to which Mr. Lloyd George rarely fails to respond.

To sum up the situation of the present Government and the present Parliament at the end of two years of its life, we must acknowledge that the position has been consolidated. The violent electoral disturbances of last year have not been repeated on the same scale in 1920; and though the Liberal and Labor parties in opposition are still gaining ground at the expense of the Government, their advance is not nearly rapid enough to give the Ministry cause for alarm. As I have pointed out before, the country has had time to review the complex and difficult economic situation created by the war, and has clearly come to the conclusion that no mere change of Government could alter the situation immediately. And since in any case the Opposition parties offer no satisfactory alternative, the Government profits by the operation of the old maxim that possession is nine points of the law. They are in possession; and for the moment no one is either able or willing to dislodge them. Hence they are in a better frame of mind regarding themselves and their future than they were a year ago. Today we do not hear the voice of Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, (formerly F. E. Smith) saying of his own Government that it is rotten to the core. But we do hear now, and we shall hear more in the immediate future, of measures to improve its quality. Mr. Lloyd George is probably well aware that next winter will present

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him with a situation of considerable difficulty. The aftermath of the war in the form of military enterprises of various kinds, especially in the now disrupted Turkish empire, has imposed a strain on British Government finance which will probably upset all calculations of revenue and expenditure for the current year. And if new complications were to arise in Ireland, in India, in the Near East, or in the labor world they might easily precipitate a political crisis of the first magnitude. The animated debate of July 8 on General Dyer and the Amritzar riots shows that a large and lively section of the Coalition takes a very different view of Imperial responsibilities from that which common sense compels the Government to adopt. The continual revolt of the same section against the Excess Profits Duty and other taxes serves to accentuate that cleavage.

Thus it will be seen that with many urgent problems pressing upon him Mr. Lloyd George finds his chief parliamentary difficulties within the ranks of his own nominal supporters. The revolt of the reactionaries led by Sir Edward Carson on the Amritzar controversy attained serious dimensions, and would have endangered the life of the Government but for the public spirited support which Mr. Asquith gave them on the merits of that issue. If this incident were to be repeated it might have far-reaching consequences, not only upon the Government but upon the course of British politics in our time. Meantime we may say that after a very wayward career—equally marked by error and wisdom—Mr. Lloyd George seems to be more securely set upon a progressive course. I have little doubt that he will follow it with even greater vigour when his present preoccupation with European politics is relaxed and he can turn his mind to domestic problems. He judges policy, persons, and events, not in the light of any coherent body of political doctrine but by instinct: and when he looks out upon the course which will lead him to the next general election, probably some time in 1922, he is pretty certain to see that the public will demands a return to Liberalism. He of all men is not likely to mistake that demand for a call to revive dead controversies; nor is he perhaps the right leader to give the Liberal thought of Great Britain that elevated expression natural to it; but in whatever form he casts it, his policy will probably grow more and more liberal as time goes on.

A. F. WHYTE.

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WOMEN IN POLITICS

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

IF the old adage " A new broom sweeps clean " be true, it would seem that the converse is equally so, namely: that a clean broom sweeps like new. In thinking of woman in politics I should prefer to consider her from the standpoint of the " clean broom " rather than that of the " new broom," although at this moment she must be regarded as " new " also.

Everything that is absolutely new is of necessity somewhat potential, and the importance of its potentiality is whether it can be of service or not. The only way in which women can be of real political service is, first of all, to be sincere and clean in their attitude toward the issues and the individuals which make for political, or rather for public importance.

I am one of the people who believes that there should not be " A Women's Party " per se, but that the women should work shoulder to shoulder with the men, being admitted into their councils learning from them, and, at the same time, bringing to them the helpfulness of a standpoint untarnished by compromise with principles.

Compromise, we all know, is a necessary law of life. My brother, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, when President of the United States, used frequently to illustrate this maxim, holding up the fore finger of one hand and putting a finger of the other hand on its apex, while he said, " You know (this he said to me) that my temperament would like to get here (indicating the top of his finger)—I want to achieve the thing I set out to do, but if, through circumstances, I cannot get quite to the top of my desire, would I not be foolish to sit sulking at the bottom rather than to climb up two thirds of the way? "

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Women, owing to the fact that they have not, except in occasional instances, taken part in public life, are apt to feel that to "climb up two-thirds of the way" is equivalent to accepting defeat, and they are likely to injure the cause for which they are working by refusing legitimate compromise. Therefore, it would seem infinitely wiser that they should be a part of the men's organizations rather than that they should stand by themselves. The great asset that they can bring to political parties is their absolute sincerity and unswerving cleanliness of purpose.

I hope that no woman at any National Convention will ever put in nomination a candidate in whom she has not confidence. I hope no woman at any National Convention will ever put in nomination a "Favorite Son," for "complimentary purposes." What we need in this country and what, perhaps, women in politics can assist in bringing about, is a strong belief and determination that we really *can* get what the people want if the people only *want* it hard enough.

In 1916 I felt that the will of the people had been defeated because my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, was not nominated for the presidency of the United States.

I made this statement to him after the convention, and he laughingly replied, "If they had wanted me *hard* enough they could have had me."

Women want things harder than men, they are more ardent, more focussed, and if they can keep that ardor warm enough in their hearts, and yet sufficiently in check not to forego realizable ideals, they will be of immeasurable value in the future life of our great nation.

What I, myself, feel that I strongly need, is education in political methods. By the above I do not mean corrupt, but proper, intelligent, political methods. We women are at the present moment like the Freshman Class at a great college; we are intelligent, we are eager, we are honest in our desire to achieve, but we are uninformed. The Senior Class may not be as genuine in its ambitions, the very facts of its experience may have warped its ideals and brought about disillusions, but the experience itself cannot be denied. The Senior Class knows how to go about its work, it knows the methods of examinations, it has accumulated a certain store of practical information, and what the Freshman Class

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should do is to hold itself in bounds, not leap into the fray with foolhardiness, but sternly determine to make itself conversant with ways and means, and at the same time grapple its higher ideals to its heart with " hooks of steel," and thus reach the position of the Senior Class still strong in desire for the good of the College, and yet able to use for that good, practical methods without which success cannot be achieved.

I am convinced that it will be well for women to go slowly in accepting political positions. Personally, when approached at the informal Republican Convention at Saratoga, and my aid solicited to assist in designating a woman as a nominee for Lieutenant Governor of New York State, I frankly replied that I was not in favor of a woman nominee for that position. I do not think that most women have yet reached a point in the actual business of politics which would make them more desirable than men for such a position.

The Democratic Convention at Saratoga designated a woman for Secretary of New York State; it may, perhaps, have been a good political move;—the Democratic party has made several good political moves in their nominations and designations,—but what we of the Republican party should earnestly try to do, and what, indeed, every party should try to do, is to designate or nominate the best individual for each position, and women must serve a longer apprenticeship in public affairs before they should be considered for certain public positions.

One of the ways in which women in any State in which they have been accorded the vote can be of inestimable service is in connection with the Public Schools and Libraries. The future of our country depends on the education of our native born and the education and Americanization of our foreign born children. The Public Schools, and the Library as an educational and community centre, mean the best incentive to patriotism, if proper teachers and librarians are in charge of these institutions. The women *voters,* especially *because* they are *voters* as well as women, can have great influence along the lines of seeing that no unpatriotic teachers are allowed to hold positions in our public schools, and that the salaries of the teaching class and the librarians shall be sufficiently large to attract the more able and cultivated instructors. The force of every woman

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voter should be used against such improper action as took place in the Board of Education of New York, in its retirement of Dr. Tildslay from the position which he had used only to promote the best educational and patriotic endeavor in our schools. Let more women primarily interest themselves in such matters;—let New York City women protest against the closing of the Branch Libraries in the lower parts of New York City, where those libraries were Americanization centres;—let our voters, while studying some of the duties less familiar to them, perform other duties, such as the above, which they so well understand. A voter going with a practical protest to the Mayor or any other high official, *must* be considered,—a mere woman might be received with scant courtesy!

The feminine mind is apt to confuse independence with righteousness. Righteousness, which means only right doing, can be practised as well within working organizations as by an onlooker, or so called "Independent," and much more effective work can be accomplished. The point, after all, is to achieve some important result, and the onlooker rarely does more than stand aloof and criticize.

The woman who feels that to touch either of the great working political parties of our nation is to touch pitch, and who for that reason, stands aside from both, achieves only her own self-complacency.

Every woman should study the underlying principles of the two great parties, and she can only study them by taking part in the political activities of her own district, should she live in the city, or her township in the country; she should try to make herself, by such effort, a factor in the local organizations. By so doing she becomes a factor in the larger National Organizations.

We women can be of service by our mute example as regards our sense of obligation. Too few men take actual part in their home politics, and if the women will take that active part, their example—if mute!—will be of real significance!

It is not that the vote itself is so much the important element in the new privilege and responsibility of woman, but rather her duty toward the vote and her solemn purpose to make that vote count the right way.

Only the other day I heard a very intelligent woman

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deplore the fact that the slogan of the Republican party in this campaign was to be "America First." I felt impressed at once with what seems to me the danger of "women in politics."

Insensibly women have a more unselfish attitude toward most things than men, and in this case this woman felt it to be a selfish slogan, and was repelled by what she thought its lack of altruism. She seemed to feel differently after I had read to her the following quotation from Theodore Roosevelt's speech in Maine in 1916:

> The policy of the United States must be shaped with a view to two conditions only; first with a view to the honor and interest of the United States, and second, with a view to the interest of the world as a whole.
>
> Our first duty is to the United States, but if we are true to our principles we must also serve the interests of mankind at large. In addition to serving our own country, *we must shape the policy of our own country* so as to secure the cause of international righteousness, fair-play, and humanity.

Surely the above sentiments are not lacking in altruism, but they are lacking in the sentimentality which, I regret to say, is apt to tinge a woman's point of view toward practical political duties.

Another woman, to illustrate again the harm of a sentimental attitude, wrote me after the two National Conventions, that having been an ardent follower of Theodore Roosevelt, she could not abide by the results of the Republican Convention, and had decided to vote the Democratic ticket because she would then, at least, be voting for a Roosevelt.

Entire lack of logic, combined with sentimentality, had brought her to the intelligent conclusion that she would vote for a ticket on which was the name of a distant kinsman of Theodore Roosevelt, while she ignored the fact that, by so doing, she would be voting for the policies of a party which Theodore Roosevelt had combatted all his life;—the policies which during the last six years had been considered by him both sinister and calamitous in their results on our country! Such sentimentality in woman can largely undo the good she can do by her unswerving sincerity, and her fine sense of responsibility.

I would therefore, in conclusion, beg the women of America to do what I hope to do myself, namely, to go to school;—not to such schools as we have gone to in the past,

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but to the hard school of public life, and this with no idea whatsoever of putting aside our private duties. Should we put those aside, we would become a less potent, rather than a more potent, influence; but, just as we have studied other arts in the past, let us study the difficult art of fitting ourselves to be able public citizens. Let us try to eliminate sentimentality, yet in no way relinquish our sincerity and our practical idealism, let us work toward the Senior Class of Politics, and welcome the experiences which our arrival in that class should mean, without sacrificing our ardor for righteousness and our determination to make political and public life a career which does not of necessity blunt or destroy the higher enthusiasm of either man or woman.

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

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"LIBERTY" IN THE UNITED STATES

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

FOUR generations have matured on the soil of the United States since the Constitution established the National Government in 1787. What is the state of the Government, what is the state of the Nation today?

In a country which has never suffered from warlike invasion, which has never had to pay the price of imperial responsibilities, which has never borne the yoke of militarism, which has never faced the problems of over-population, which has never lacked the wealth necessary to give fulfillment to its hopes of social betterment; in a country endowed, above all other countries, with everything that nature can offer to the talent and industry of man, and in which man is endowed, above all other men, with everything that opportunity can offer to talent and industry—in such a country we might hope to find, after nearly a hundred and fifty years of self-determination, political and social conditions immeasurably superior to those which prevail in countries which have enjoyed none of the social immunities and few of the natural advantages with which the American people have been blessed.

What are the actual facts as they face us today? Have the people of the United States provided themselves with a judicial system or with a parliamentary system greatly superior to those of England? Or with local governments greatly superior to those of Australia? Or with systems of food-production and distribution greatly superior to those of Denmark? Or with an educational system greatly superior to that of Scotland? Or with an industrial technique greatly superior to that of France? Or with an administrative technic greatly superior to that of Canada? Or with a larger measure of social and political freedom than may be found in any of these countries?

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If these questions are answered in the negative, they must be supplemented by the further question: What, then, have the American people made of the extraordinary opportunities which have been at their disposal? If they are answered in the affirmative, we must then ask: How is it that these greatly superior achievements in politics, in administration, in jurisprudence, in education, in industry, in liberty, so far from having saved the United States from the social and political unrest which threatens the countries of inferior achievement, are associated with a thorough infection of discontent throughout the whole body of the nation? How is it that here, in this fortunate land, there should have developed so much radicalism, so much socialism, so much syndicalism; that here the toll of crime, of misdemeanor, of business immorality, of political corruption, of civic ineptitude should not be noticeably lighter than it is in those countries to which we are so superior in so many fundamental elements?

As liberty is popularly supposed to be the one thing in which the United States is incontestably pre-eminent, and as pre-eminence in this particular is constantly urged in extenuation of admitted defects in other particulars, I will put American liberty to the test of some comparisons.

What is the position in regard to social liberty?

Is the Englishman, is the Australian, is the Dane, is the Scot, is the Frenchman, is the Canadian less free than the American to worship as he choses, to marry as he choses, to work as he choses, to idle as he choses, to save as he choses, to spend as he choses, to live where he choses, to travel where he choses, to eat, drink, and wear what he choses?

If social liberty depends upon the protection of life and of property, if it depends upon the speedy and impartial administration of the law, if it depends upon freedom of the press, upon freedom of speech, upon freedom of assembly, upon freedom of contract, upon academic freedom, in what sense is any one of these peoples less free than the American people?

To many people, perhaps to most people, "Social Liberty" means "Social Equality"; but if these ideas are critically examined it is seen that they are not only different but also irreconcilable, and that the former refers to something real and realizable, the latter to something unreal and

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unrealizable. So far as social "liberty" is in any way affected by Government, it exists wherever there is equal status before the law, and every man is assured the free exercise of his talents and of his industry, and the free enjoyment of their rewards. From such freedom, however, there arises not social equality but social inequality, since talent and industry are unequally distributed.

In regard to social "equality" it is sufficient to remark that it cannot be produced by equalizing incomes, since desires vary; or by equalizing educational opportunity, since abilities vary; or by equalizing social opportunity, since social preferences vary; or by equalizing possessions, since tastes vary. Even if there existed some unhappy land in which ignorance and knowledge, intelligence and stupidity, sloth and ignorance, culture and vulgarity were equally esteemed, you could not establish social equality there until you had accomplished the impossible task of standardizing desire, ability, taste, and social preference.

When the appeal for social "equality" goes beyond a demand for equality of opportunity it becomes neither more nor less than an appeal for social injustice; and in the mouths of the most vigorous of the appellants that is precisely what the demand means. It is a demand that equality of reward shall go hand in hand with inequality of service; and it is justified by the extremists on the ground that the superior endowment which enables a man to give superior service is itself a basic injustice, inflicted by nature, which it is the duty of society to remedy by equalizing recompense.

It is true that social liberty is a somewhat intangible conception, that it rests largely upon subjective considerations, and is, therefore, impossible to define in exact terms. Political liberty is, in these respects, a more satisfactory subject of discussion. Do the American people enjoy more political liberty than other self-governing peoples?

The only practical test of the amount of political liberty yielded by any form of government is to determine the extent and character of the control exercised over legislation and over high administrative officials by the voting population. Subjected to this test the political system of the United States appears to yield less liberty than any other system in operation under a "popular" constitution. For the purpose of illustration I will compare some features of the American and of the British systems.

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In England, then, the voice of Parliament is authoritative. Any legislative measure, whatever may be its provisions, duly passed by the Commons and the Lords and signed by the King becomes the law of the land, and remains the law of the land unless and until it is amended or repealed by the same agencies. In practice it is the will of the House of Commons—the elected branch of the legislature—which is supreme. This supremacy is challenged only by the power of the sovereign to withhold his assent from legislation; and the latest exercise of this power was made more than two hundred years ago. Until within the past decade the House of Lords had the power to kill measures sent up from the Commons. This power has been taken away, but even while it remained, a resolute ministry, backed by the House of Commons and by popular sentiment, could force a measure through the Lords by threatening the creation of new peers—a threat which has been effective on more than one occasion.

What is the situation in the United States in regard to this phase of legislation? Neither Congress nor a State Legislature possesses the power to translate into effective law the will of the people's representatives. Whatever law an American legislature passes must, if it is to stand the test of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, conform with the principles laid down in the Federal Constitution. Nor is this the only limitation upon the legislative expression of the citizens' wishes. Federal legislation is subject to the Presidential veto; State legislation is subject to the veto of the Governor; and this power of veto is exercised every year over a large number of measures which have passed both houses of a legislature.

The power of the Supreme Court to declare legislation to be unconstitutional has the practical consequence of making that Court a legislative as well as a judicial body. It cannot, of course, initiate legislation, but it can and does exert a powerful influence over the initiative function of legislatures, and where this influence does not suffice to keep legislatures within the bounds of the Court's interpretation of the Constitution it can and does destroy the offending measure. The United States Supreme Court, unlike the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or the Supreme Court of Judicature in England, has before it not only the litigants but also the law itself.

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So far, then, as political freedom resides in the untrammeled right to make law of the people's wishes, the American is less free than the Englishman. Indeed, the restraining hand which the Constitution holds over American legislation is regarded by many eminent authorities as one of the most beneficent features of the American plan of government. The point is precisely defined by President Nicholas Murray Butler in his most interesting and suggestive volume, *Is America Worth Saving?* He says:

> Without Constitutional limitations, the Congress of the United States would be as sovereign as is the House of Commons, and all those precious immunities that are set out in the Constitution and its amendments and as to which the individual citizen may appeal to the judiciary for protection, would be placed upon the same plane as a statute authorising the appointment of an interstate commerce commission or one denouncing a monopoly or other act in restraint of trade. It must not be forgotten that there is no such thing as an unconstitutional law in Great Britain. The fact that the Parliament enacts a law makes it constitutional, no matter what its effect upon life, liberty or property may be; for Parliament is sovereign. To propose to import this condition into the United States is not Progress but reaction.

Those who are in favor of making American legislation more closely representative of the political opinion of the country deplore the existence of those constitutional restrictions which President Butler praises. They point out that these limitations actually deprive the people of that full sovereignty which is implied in Lincoln's immortal phrase "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." They assert that the enforcement of a code of political morals drawn up in the eighteenth century prevents the American people from securing that progress in self-government which is to be observed amongst other peoples. "The human will in its collective aspect," says Mr. Herbert Croly, "was made subservient to the mechanism of a legal system."

The evil consequences which flow from these limitations on political free-will are reflected, according to this view, not only in the quality of legislation but also in the quality of legislators.

"If a legislative body," asks Professor Franklin H. Giddings, in a recent article, "whether Federal Congress or State Legislature, can be overriden by higher authority, can it in the nature of things psychological feel a profound

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sense of responsibility; and if it does not feel responsibility can it in the long run attract men of the largest calibre and the highest quality?"

However widely students may differ as to the advisability of preserving those restrictions which the Constitution imposes upon political liberty in the United States, there are in active operation other restraints which are regarded as odious by every decent citizen, but which, nevertheless, are constantly and effectively employed to destroy the power of the voters.

It is surely a matter of great significance that in the national electoral campaign of 1912 the Democratic platform and the Progressive platform should each have made the specific charge that representative government had been destroyed in the United States. The Democratic platform said:

> We call attention to the fact that the Democratic party's demand for a return to the rule of the people, expressed in the national platform four years ago, has now become the accepted doctrine of a large majority of the electors. We again remind the country that only by the larger exercise of the reserved power of the people can they protect themselves from the misuse of delegated power and the usurpation of governmental instrumentalities by special interests. . . . The Democratic party offers itself to the country as an agency through which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud and machine rule in American politics can be effected.

The Progressive party platform stated:

> Political parties exist to secure responsible government and to execute the will of the people. From these great tasks both of the old parties have turned aside. Instead of instruments to promote the general welfare, they have become the tools of corrupt interests, which use them impartially to serve their selfish purposes. Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day.

We have here a state of affairs which is almost unprecedented in the history of modern democracy. One of the older parties charges the other with having destroyed the rule of the people, and with having debauched the Government; the new party, which was specifically a party of protest, charges both the older parties with having sold their political honor to corrupt interests. This is something quite

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different from the usual party rivalries founded upon divergence of view as to matters of national policy. It is no longer a question of protection or a tariff for revenue only, of preponderating State control or preponderating Federal control, of extravagance or economy in the public administration; it is a question of whether or not the whole purpose of American political institutions has not been defeated by the corruption of the political agencies.

If anything more were needed to sustain the view that government *of* the people had survived and flourished, and that government *by* the people and *for* the people had fallen by the political wayside, it could be found in the general tone of political discussion in the various organs of public opinion during the past twenty years. There has been constantly presented in the writings of serious men—whether in the press, in the magazines, in the proceedings of scientific societies, or in books—a clear conviction that government in the United States has passed from the control of the people to that of the party machines, that these machines are serving the ambitions of party politicians instead of the public interest, and that they have gradually come to draw their power not from the support of public opinion but from that of financial and industrial autocracy.

In recent years a new form of special control has arisen, that of strongly organized and heavily financed minorities; and this control is even more dangerous to political liberty than that of the party machines, for it is not only free from the check which internal rivalries exert upon machine politics, but also enjoys the insidious advantage of being able to masquerade as the agent of a " popular " demand.

The considerations advanced up to this point have been those suggested chiefly by an examination of political determinism in the United States up to the eve of the Great War; that is to say under conditions normal in the sense that for nearly fifty years the democratic institutions of the country had been subjected to no greater strain than is incident to the ordinary conduct of civil government of the modern type.

What has happened to the American political system since the United States entered the war in 1917 has disclosed with unmistakable clearness that whatever measure of political freedom actually belonged to the American peo-

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ple was endowed with no such security of tenure as the Constitution was supposed to guarantee.

The war compelled the United States, as it had compelled Great Britain and France, to abolish democracy for the duration of the war, in order that when the war was won the world might be made safe for the kind of democracy which had to retire into the remote background while the world was being made safe for it. This tacit admission of the weakness of democracy on the administrative side was forced upon the democratic world by the unanimous opinion that the problems of the war could not be solved by the quibbling artifices of politics, that, confronted with the grim elements of stark reality, democracy must forswear its allegiance to oratory, to procrastination, to large promise, and to small performance, and, for a while at least, accept those cold, hard facts of human experience, formerly the butt of its demagogic wit, the despised counsellors of its ease, the unheeded beggars at the wheels of its haste.

Committed to this course by the obvious necessities of the occasion, the American people outdid their democratic brethren the world over, and even their autocratic rivals in Central Europe, in the matter of conferring power upon their chief executive.

Taking all in all, no man has ever wielded greater authority, less conditioned, than that which the war legislation of Congress placed in the hands of President Wilson. No one who appreciates the full gravity of the world-situation in 1917, who understands the peculiar difficulty of carrying into war a population as racially varied as that of the United States, who is aware of the extent to which that population had been drugged into a false sense of safety by the political rhapsodists and by the professional pacifists, can doubt that the brilliant and effective part played by the country in the great conflict was due primarily to the unlimited war powers vested in the President, and to his unflinching employment of them.

He had the courage to discard with the utmost promptness principles hitherto regarded as the cornerstone, the pillar, and the arch of American Democracy, and to consign to the limbo of exploded fallacies, decentralization as the soul of government, competition as the soul of efficiency, and individualism as the soul of politics. As the days passed and the advantages of a strong centralized authority became

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increasingly apparent, public sentiment hailed with satisfaction each fresh proof that the war was to be conducted with a close regard for the realities, and that peace methods based upon idealistic theory were being rapidly abandoned for war methods based upon practical expediency.

No sooner had the exigencies of war lifted their unifying pressure from the American spirit than the general demand arose that the war powers of the government should be given up, that the "freedom" of American life should be restored. This was, of course, to be expected; and a similar demand had arisen in all countries. What is to be observed as a phenomenon closely related to the question of political free-will in the United States is that it has been found more difficult here than elsewhere to secure a return to the normal, peace-time functioning of government.

Those who entertain a confident assurance that the United States Constitution safeguards effectively the liberties of the American people, that facts inconsistent with this belief do not destroy the premise, but merely prove that all human institutions, even the Constitution, lack something of perfection, would do well to ponder the words of the Hon. Charles E. Hughes, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Speaking on June 21, 1920, at the centenary celebration of the Harvard Law School Association, he said:

> We went to war for liberty and democracy, with the result that we fed the autocratic appetite. And, through a fiction, permissible only because the courts cannot know what everyone else knows, we have seen the war powers, which are essential to the preservation of the nation in time of war, exercised broadly after the military exigency had passed and in conditions for which they were never intended, and *we may well wonder, in view of the precedents now established, whether constitutional government as heretofore maintained in this republic could survive another great war even victoriously waged.*

Coming from such a source—from a man of high distinction in the public life of the nation, from a man whose sobriety of thought and whose legal scholarship are universally respected, from a man who has sat in that very Court which is the depository of the Constitutional rights of the American people—the words I have placed in italics carry a significance which cannot be mistaken.

From what has gone before it is difficult to escape the conclusion that if the test is the power to control legislation

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and to give expression to the popular will in matters of broad national policy, the American people do not enjoy a larger measure of political freedom than is enjoyed by other peoples. Do they enjoy more liberty if the test is the power to control the conduct of the higher administrative officials?

In the United States, as in England, the highest administrative officials of the National Government are members of the Cabinet; but no two bodies could be less alike, measured by their responsibility to the people,than those which assemble, respectively, at the White House and at No. 10 Downing Street. The members of the English Cabinet are selected by the leaders of the political party which, for the time being, holds office. Each of them must sit either in the Upper or in the Lower House of Parliament. Thus all the great officers of State are compelled to face their political opponents day by day when Parliament is in session, must be constantly prepared to explain and defend the policy of the government, and must answer questions in regard to matters with which their respective departments are concerned. For example, if the Postmaster General should allow his department to deteriorate to a point where it no longer rendered efficient service to the public, any member of the House in which the Postmaster General has his seat can, in the form of a question, confront that official with specific instances of incompetence, can demand an explanation, and can threaten to make the matter a parliamentary issue unless conditions are speedily improved.

What applies to the Post Office, applies equally to every department of the public service, so that the representatives of the English people are at all times in a position where they can call to account the head of any department of the executive government; and this check is exercised in such a way that the complaint and the official explanation are spread upon the record of Parliament, and are, within a few hours, offered to the eye of every Englishman who reads a newspaper.

Nor is it possible for an official thus held to his responsibility to treat the matter lightly, to say that there is nothing in the complaint but political venom, or to decline the challenge of the enquiry, or to meet the criticism by a blunt denial of the facts or by a lip-service to efficiency. If he should follow any of these courses he imperils not only his own tenure of a lucrative post, not only the tenure of similar

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posts by his political associates, but also the tenure of office by his party. And this peril is not one which lies in the chances of a distant election, it is one with which he and his party can be confronted at any moment. Under the English system, which allows a national election to be held at any time when the party in power fails to secure a majority on any important motion in the House of Commons, a very narrow limit is set to the defiance which the heads of the government departments can offer to well-founded criticism of the conduct of public business.

Everyone who is familiar with the conduct of great enterprises, whatever may be their special character, knows that the only form of control which is in any real sense effective is that which rests upon the ability to fix responsibility squarely on a particular individual, and upon the power to make that individual himself pay the price of his shortcomings.

This form of control the Englishman holds over every man who fills a political office in the national government. Does the American hold any such control over the high officials of the Federal Government?

As in England, so in the United States, the Cabinet is composed of the heads of the great administrative departments, and are political appointees in the sense that they are chosen by the President from adherents of his party. But here the similarity between the two bodies ceases. The President's Cabinet is not responsible to the country for a programme of legislation; it is not responsible to Congress for the efficient discharge of departmental business. Short of the commission of gross acts of malfeasance, for which removal from office might be attempted by the difficult and uncertain process of impeachment, a member of the President's Cabinet has nothing to fear from public indignation or from any act which lies within the power of the people's representatives in Congress; and he can retain his place in the Cabinet and his control of his department for four years (or for eight, as the case may be) upon the single condition that he remains *persona grata* at the White House.

I may recall to the reader's attention another peculiarity of the American political system which seriously restricts the political freedom of the American people. In England, and in all other countries having what is accurately and succinctly described as " responsible " government, the party

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in power is always in the position to carry out its programme of legislation, so long as it commands a majority of legislative votes; and when it no longer commands this majority it relinquishes the reins of government into the hands of those who can muster the following necessary to carry out a legislative programme. In the United States, however, as everybody knows, the power of legislation may be in the hands of a Republican Congress ,and the veto power in the hands of a Democratic President, or vice-versa; and one party may have a majority in the Senate and the other party in the House of Representatives.

Thus, to go no further in these comparisons, we frequently observe the position to arise when the Senate can shift its responsibilities to the shoulders of a hostile majority in the House of Representatives, when the House can shift its responsibilities to a hostile majority in the Senate, and when Congress, if the Senate and the House are in agreement, can find an alibi to any charge by pointing to the veto of a President who belongs to the opposite party from that which controls the Congressional majorities.

It is clear that in a system of this kind it is extremely difficult for the people to fix responsibility and to secure a remedy either for a political or for an administrative situation which has become intolerable to them. The people have, in fact, no quick asset of political power; and their lack of this power is at the root of their political impotence.

The foregoing discussion has, I venture to think, shown that there is little justification for the common boast that in the United States Liberty flourishes with an exuberance elsewhere unknown. It is not to be supposed that the intelligent and informed people of the country labor under any such mistaken idea; but the illusion is widespread, and it is only one of many misconceptions as to the real character of American life which have been fostered by the misguided enthusiasm of the sentimentalists and by the shrewd policy of the politicians.

There are times, no doubt, in which a people are not seriously injured by looking at their institutions of government through a pink, moist haze of optimism; but he is indeed blind who cannot see that the present is not one of those times.

Evidence accumulates on every side of an approaching crisis not only in the political and social life of the United

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States, but in that of the world at large. If this crisis is not met with the most courageous frankness the consequences will be disastrous beyond any computation.

The most valuable service which the American people can render to humanity today is to come down out of the clouds, to adjust its dogmas to the actual conditions of life on this planet, and to accept in regard to the operation of democratic methods of government the clear verdict of common sense instead of the windy assurances of orators.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

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ARE THE ENGLISH GOOD LOSERS?

BY LINCOLN WILBAR

LIKE the wise general who aims to get his blow in first, I, an Englishman, hasten to answer my own question in the negative, hoping thus to gain the advantage of surprise and the moral effect of presenting an idea prejudged to the jury. The English, as a people, are not, in my opinion, good losers. The inception of an idea does not demand, as an inherent necessity, any basic connection with truth, nor does its subsequent growth into universal acceptation prove that it had such connection; and, contrary to the popular belief in the sportsman-like bearing of the English in the face of defeat, the real fact seems to be that the psychological, moral and mental effects wrought in them by losing are not less marked than these effects commonly are in the spirit of other temperate races. Among themselves the English accept defeat with a sufficient grace, though even here the veneer of pose lies thinly over the natural grain, as is evidenced by the inevitable excuse of failure—excuse typified by the familiar "lame wrist" of the vanquished tennis player,—but in their contests or competitions with another people, in the success of which popular feeling is keenly concerned and national pride enlisted, they do not accept the loser's rôle with abounding inward good will, however they may dress the part. And, aside from the immediate social amenities, it is the real inward rather than the apparent outward attitude toward defeat which matters. The English in their bearing before the world may not permit themselves the indulgence of direct outward expressions of the natural emotions of the defeated, such as one expects of more emotional races, but the underlying spirit of hostility to a victory of their losing is, if anything, the greater for this artificial repression, and its potential menace, therefore, a more dangerous social factor.

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When other races effervesce freely in defeat, their froth soon exhausts not only itself but its origin. No lees of ill-feeling remain to add their bitterness to succeeding cups of gall and wormwood. In the English temperament, on the other hand, the effects of defeat permeate rather than bubble and hiss and disperse at the surface, and the consequences of a series of defeats, especially defeats from the same general quarters, are apt to result in a distinct acerbation of existing racial jealousies and antagonisms, and a feeling almost of rancour against the victorious person or people. Outwardly there may be only those amenities which good breeding and the courtesies of sport require, but inwardly the rasp of defeat excoriates the highly sensitized vanity of a people only now just rawly awakened to the broken sequence of their habit of victory, and it is the inward, rather than the outward, manner in which defeat is accepted which constitutes the quality of the loser. On this showing the English are, *ipso facto,* decidedly not good losers.

The individual Englishman, being subject to the restraining moral influence of the world's public opinion, which presupposes him to be a "sportsman," manages to preserve at least the outward appearance of losing gracefully, and certainly harbors no rankling animus, either to the victor or to his tribe. He is in truth what the world has come to call him—a sportsman. But like parts do not always make a like whole, and the English, as a homogeneous people, largely made up of like parts, curiously enough secretly regard defeat by foreign competitors as a sort of incomprehensible and gratuitous affront to their sacred ordained right to win. In their inmost hearts they treasure an accumulative grudge, not so much in consequence of the act of losing as in consequence of the idea of defeat, not so much against the person of the individual competitors as against the national composite of the winners. They cannot with equanimity and a true sense of the right of things see another people, or the representatives of another people, win against themselves, even though in the reasoning faculty of their minds they must perforce recognize the fact, patent enough to others, that in some measure they have merited victory by no worthier desert than belief in their traditional divine right to it.

Without being actually blind to degrees of superiority

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in others, the English certainly do not see those degrees (where such exist) very clearly. The human eye is curiously retentive of the image of any brilliantly illuminated object at which it looks long and intently; and, figuratively speaking, the English have looked so persistently and for so many years at the sun of their own successes arching practically unchallenged and undimmed in the firmament of mankind, that now, when their sun is beginning to suffer frequent eclipses as competing suns presume to an orbit in the heavens, they cannot turn their dazzled eyes away and see distinctly any other source of radiance in the sky than that which lingers as a nerve sensation in the impress of their special sun on their retina. Reason, stimulated into action by the observance of phenomena such as characterize the impossibility of a defeat which somehow has managed to come off, must, of course, long since have informed them of the presence of rival suns, as reason proved to Le Verrier the existence of the invisible planet Neptune; but it is only when one or another of those contending suns collides violently and victoriously with their own sun, causing its light to dim suddenly in the shock of the collision, as the lights of a ship pale at the impact with an iceberg—it is only then that the English are able to see, with anything like distinctness, the actual proportions and dimensions of their adversary's superiority.

For habit is strong in the English. And the habit of winning, acquired through the centuries, has become so firmly established in the English character that, in spite of numerous clarifying "eye-openers" received in recent years, the national expression, in the face of a defeat which touches the national pride, may be said, metaphorically if not always literally, to be marred occasionally by the unwitting scowl of defective vision. A people not notorious for imagination, must perforce strain their sight to see an accomplished impossibility that is out of their focus. In time, no doubt, the corrective influence of their rising ratio of defeats in practically every field of endeavor will rectify this chacteristic optical defect; but up to the present, losing has not become a habit with them, only a variation of a habit. Hence my concern is not with what may show, now and again, on the surface, and which is deceptive and transitory, but with the deeper, more permanent and progressive effects which defeat pro-

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duces on the psychology and temperament of the English.

It is the inward rather than the outward acceptance of defeat which marks distinctions between good losers and bad losers. The loser who flings himself about in a rage is a disagreeable, possibly a temporarily ill-disposed, rival; but his transport is transient, its very violence and openness being the warrant of its speedy death. There are no accumulative after effects. The so-called good loser, on the other hand—the loser who suppresses all show of chagrin and dissembles with a smile, is likely to be, potentially at any rate, a more or less inimical element, the degree of his hostility depending on the degree of his virility and the extent of the wound to his pride. In the case of the English (to whom "winning" and "good form" are traditional terms), the shock to their *amour propre* of a conspicuous defeat is far greater than the shock of a similar defeat would be to a people more accustomed to losing; and since they absorb the whole of this shock into their system, allowing none of it to escape at the usual safety valve in the form of a free flow of the natural language of discomfiture, the inevitable consequence is a more lasting impression, a more irritating action, on the national ego.

Underneath the veneer of a thousand years of civilization the English are still a very primitive race. Indeed, their primitiveness comes, in places, strangely close to the surface. And everywhere it is a separate and distinct element or stratum in the English character. At no point has it merged indistinguishably with the civilization which has been laid over it. When, therefore, the national emotion of vexation, —which is the earliest, as it is the mildest, of the sentiments inseparable from defeat,—strikes deep into the English consciousness, it buries itself in something that is very crude and very vital. There is no middle stratum in which it can waste harmlessly away, like a variant of the Cheshire cat, until nothing remains—self-consumed, as it were, in a neutral environment, but instead it finds permanent lodgment in the real, as distinct from the artificial, substance of the race, and, being denied wholesome, purifying air by the outer shell of convention, it there slowly creates a fester which may ultimately break through, in violence, to the surface.

It has been said by an American with a keen eye for the

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externals that "Americans look upon the international yachting and other contests almost as though they were serious battles, and are elated or depressed accordingly; while the English take these matters much more calmly." This is undoubtedly true as regards the outward show. But of the two the Americans are the better losers, inasmuch as they so soon dissipate outwardly the emotions of defeat. They may not be, conventionally, as good winners as the English, for the positives of victory affect them strongly and perhaps somewhat too obviously; but a straight defeat leaves them ultimately only healthily revengeful. And a healthy feeling of revenge is a wholesome stimulant. The English, on the contrary—the better class of English, that is to say: the representative class by which, in past times, we were wont to judge the country—the English, because they have in comparatively recent years been bred in the unctuous hypocrisy of sportsmanship, are easy and natural in their courteous acceptance of either defeat or victory.

But hypocrisy is not a virtue. It is only the disguise of vice. And a pose is only a pose—an attitude, if you will, representing not a moral attribute, but a conception of the social utility of the moral attribute it pretends to represent. It evidences no real change of heart. The English of today are those of one hundred years ago, so far as their essential selves are concerned; and no one who knows his England well needs to be told that the English of those days took their defeats with a very human ill-grace. They had not then learned to say, as Stevenson has said since, "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fight in good spirits;" and until Anglo-Saxon characteristics become impotent, as a world force, in the emasculating refinements on the one hand and the devitalizing coarsenesses on the other of a too self-indulgent-civilization, the present-day English are not likely to embarrass a still flourishing business of succeeding, handed down to them by their forefathers as a main inheritance, by any ideals, the effect of which would be in the direction of equalizing the chances of their rivals.

The business of the English, past, present and future, always has been, is, and always will be, to succeed. That, in a nutshell, is the secret of their marvellous success. To show good spirits in defeat is a policy in furtherance of their chief concern—i. e.—the business of succeeding,—not a sen-

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timent in modification of it. Nor could the fact well be otherwise. A country whose people truly accepted defeat as a sort of second-hand pleasure in victory—the reflected enjoyment of seeing someone else (and a rival) pleased—or whose outward show of "sportsmanship" correctly expressed the quality of their real feelings—a country of a character so amorphous would be on the high road to ruin. It is only those who are too spineless even to aspire to personal success who take defeat with the same inward good grace that the English have trained themselves to show outwardly as a matter of good form. The normal human being—the natural man—rebels in spirit, if not in overt act, against defeat in whatever guise it comes, not only because defeat is an offence to his vanity (a consideration of sufficient potency), but because of a remnant of instinct surviving in him from those far-off days when to suffer defeat was likely to be distinctly unhealthy.

Defeat and death were terms which the early Briton (had he known the words, as well as the conditions which the words represented) would have been likely to connect in his mind. The two concomitants, as they then were—defeat and death,—had an unpleasant habit of coming together with a suddenness which eliminated the element of personal humiliation from the loser-side of the situation in exactly the same proportion that it heightened the effect of the example. Hence the English, who are the most conservative of the highly civilized peoples of the world, and therefore the most retentive of those primitive instincts which originated in painful experience and grew strong in the perilous acquirements of it—the English, we may logically assume, would be the race which more than any other would be most likely to conserve the vital objection of the stone-age man to defeat in any form; the assumption having, as a qualifying or dissembling correlative, the no less logical presumption that they would be led by their civilization to camouflage the crudeness of their primal impulse with some of the artificial conventions of their ancient society. Defeat having ceased to have, for them, a fatal significance as its normal characteristic, and the original instinctive objection to it being of a somewhat rude expression, they gradually built up around the offending natural instinct, whose unrefinement shocked their cultivated taste, a sort of wall or pretence of well-bred

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ignorance of its existence, which had the double effect of screening an unsightly feature while protecting and perpetuating its existence.

That the instinct survives—that it retains practically all of its inherent primal force and vitality as a racial factor, albeit the want of perfect freedom of action may have made it a little flabby—is, I believe, easy to prove. But the proof must be sought not in direct examples, which are not often forthcoming, but in indirect and, apparently, uncorrelated incidents, which, like the widely separated vents of some gigantic subterranean cauldron, serve to relieve the central source of heat and pressure. These incidents, though numerous, do not, as the French say, spring to the eye, their real significance and application being generally so obscured or overshadowed by the popular appeal of the larger interest or issue with which they are associated, that, except to the discerning few, they appear to be emotional safety-valves of whatever source of public feeling they seem to be relieving, rather than outlets for the evacuation of bad humours from many a festering sore of wounded vanity.

It would, however, be invidious to specify these incidents here. To *think* that ill-will arises directly from the nature of the occasion is always a pleasanter and more beneficial personal and social moral influence than to *know* that it had its origin in some indirect and possibly remote defeat, the circumstances and character of which may or may not have been worthy of the maturing crop of consequences. It is, for instance, more flattering to the corporate—the national—vanity of the English for them to imagine that their resentment of an obnoxious or irritating situation (momentous or trivial, as the case may be) occurring between themselves and another people, arises, as a pure and simple product of direct injury or offence, primarily and solely out of the inherent defects and injustices of the situation itself, rather than in part and inceptively from some hidden festering sore, which marks the spot where a searching defeat, or series of defeats, long past, perhaps, and by the world forgot, still rankles in their inner consciousness. Yet it would not be difficult for anyone familiar with the mentality and psychology of the English to trace much of the animus of the national popular ego in many an affair of grave international importance to some essentially inconse-

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quential defeat, not in the *game,* but in the *games* of life.

And it is well for the English that this is so—that they are *not* good losers. No friend of the race would have it otherwise. The simple and logical fact that to lose is still a greater shock to their pride than it is to a people more accustomed to losing, is one of the most hopeful signs among the various portents of Anglo-Saxon decadence. So long as a people resent defeat with a wholesome and natural heartiness, so long is the primal force in them the basis and support of the national character. Veneer it as you will, the rough, tough, sturdy grain is there to strengthen and sustain the softer qualities. It is when defeat is accepted with inward grace, as beautiful as it is waxen, that a once virile people begin to fall to pieces. The only thing that has saved and will continue to save the English from a fifth-rate place in the world is the fact that they are *not* good losers. May they never be that!

LINCOLN WILBAR.

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THE MADNESS OF MAN

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN it comes to grips with disease, the enemy of the flesh, human kind knows what to do. It puts itself in the hands of science, praying, with the fervor of the terrified atom, to be delivered, at all costs, from the "body of this death." Tuberculosis has been all but crowded inside those doors before which Mytyl and Tyltyl paused on their progress of wonder,—incarcerated ignominiously with Cold-in-the-Head. Another decade and cancer will be bundled after it. And yet, though we are taking thought of the body, we show no smallest sign of recognizing any urgent need of fighting the madness of our collective mind. For mankind is mad, never more so than in this present reaction from great imperative issues that would not be denied. It has "eaten of the insane root." The world is a more or less simpering Bedlam broken loose, and America, our intermittently recreant and always our beloved, is possibly, after Russia, the most irresponsible lunatic at large. Inevitably tired of war, she blots out the past six years' obsession by staring unwinkingly at one small figure held very near the eyes: Peace, sprucely equipped with olive branch and dove. Remind her of the present confusion of conflict in the Eastern world and she virtually, out of an optimism attendant on the full dinner-pail of one capacity or another, repudiates it as a disturbance that can in any sense afflict the actuality of the goddess before her myopic gaze. And this dogged equanimity of hers affects work and play alike in every quarter connected with the business of life. The editor and the theatrical manager even, those "abstract and brief chronicles" of public opinion, issue the edict that literature and the stage, if they expect to be supported, must now ignore this biggest drama the world has seen since the Crucifixion.

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As W. J. Locke pertinently and somewhat bitterly puts it, the artist who presents life through any form of words, though he is dealing with a world absolutely different, bone and sinew, from the world before 1914, must now proceed on " the amazing postulate that there has been no war." We simply have not heard that Queen Anne is dead, that actual fighting is by no means over, and that, furthermore, wholesale destruction has transferred itself from shell holes and trenches to the human mind. And we have fortified ourselves against earthly ills by the exquisitely simple device of not looking at them. We are not at the moment being killed by any device of Teuton deviltry. We are not walking in daily horror of that colossal greed which is the Teutonism that has descended unweakened from barbarians who dyed the red page of ancient history. " We have scotched the snake." We have not killed it. Nor can we actually kill it beyond peradventure of its secreting new venom and stirring deadlier coils, because we are not by inheritance and belief butchers of our kind. When the enemy throws up his hands, we grant him amnesty. It is the rule of the dreadful game. Yet though we may not, in slaying, crowd him off the planet, he is still, by his own confessed intent, our enemy and the enemy of all mankind that lives in the sun. And though he is powerless at the moment to sally out on a kill, " if it be not now, yet it will come," and the collective human brain can only train itself for austere guardianship of the future. And when it comes to that, altruistically speaking, *his* future also; there must be strait waistcoats enough to go round. Yet we are not developing our national intelligence to that end, or to any end not individual, unformulated, confused,—that is, if we are to be judged through deeds and not by that fountain ever falling, a plethora of words.

For since we have, like the rest of the world, declined upon a democratic level of free speech as raw, in the main, as it is untrammeled, we are all babbling at once in a confusion of tongues. You can hardly meet a stranger to-day without wondering in what camp you find him. You try the conversational ice gingerly. He, meanwhile, is tiptoeing toward you with an equal circumspection and it is not until one of you stumbles into a shibboleth or, losing patience, ventures the unprovoked recitation of his civic creed, that you know whether to strike hands or get away from each other as soon as is decently possible. The world was seeth-

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ing with philanthropy, broken out in eruptions of social service, before the war, but the war itself has brought home to even the unpractised mind a conjecture that life itself is a ticklish business. The dullest eyes have had at least momentary recognition of the exceeding deep pitfalls where human kind is likely to find itself if it makes a misstep. Conscious of the variedness and complexity of this difficult business called living, and equally obtuse to the need for special knowledge of the desperate remedies the time demands, we solace ourselves with pleasing humbugs, we go about peddling rose-scented panaceas. (And it is a fact not to be pursued to impolite conclusions that these assuaging unguents for the mind yield handsome royalties. Humanity loves to be solaced. It adores being fooled. It will pay you richly for fooling it.) As to apprehension of that unclean ghost of Teuton aggression, we wave it aside with a "Tush! tush! 'twill not appear." Because Germany cannot pay her debts on the nail, we find warrant, as touching forgiveness of trespasses, in Holy Writ, and question whether she need, in the most absolute sense, pay at all. It is, we opine, a wrong to children not yet born to saddle them with colossal obligations incurred by their forbears, and we show no tendency to illuminate that implacable index finger, again of Holy Writ, pointing out the stony way of the "third and fourth generation of them" that live under the gospel of hate. Now indisputably the children of Germany may well be rickety children, and that any children of any race should suffer lack, is an offense so monstrous that sacred childhood itself might well be conceived of as rising up with accusing might in that court where "their angels do always behold the face" of the Father. They may reasonably have been crippled by the political crimes of their progenitors. But there are other children in the wide areas Germany and Austria trampled into wastes comparable only to unimagined circles of Hell. Grave witnesses have seen to it that we have abundant evidence. They have shown us pictures of the enfeebled children of France, Belgium, and the East, typical victims out of those multitudes whom Germany and her fellow raiders went far toward bleeding white,—little weazened men and women old in grief. Our present lax benevolence to Germany is not paid for out of our own pockets. It is paid for by the shattered future of the races she despoiled,—victims not only of the

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Hun but of our crooked logic in a world policy haphazard and confused.

"As we forgive our debtors"—divine largess! Yet human forgiveness, that wistful imitator of the All-Good, is benign only when it alloys the golden cup with that sterner metal mined out of the wisdom of the All-Wise. What is the forgiveness competent to keep the balance between the moral health of the criminal and the security of the victim? Is it license for wholesale evasion, an extravagance of justification untouched by reason, void of common equity? A third and fourth generation even of Germany might be conceived of by a vaulting imagination as grimly appraising the value in character units of being held to the colossal task of recompense by creditors inexorably just. The little Teuton, born to his inherited debt, might conclude, out of the logical mind he will also inherit, that, on the only type of evidence the Teuton mind seems capable of following, outlawry does not, from a commercial point of view, pay. Strange vision of our "neighbor Hans" respecting his obdurate creditors for teaching him to live in even unwilling truce with human kind! Yet incredible things have happened in the last six years' reversals of world probabilities. The All-Highest, his overweening significance all but forgotten, sawing wood at Amerongen—there we had a grotesque vaudeville "turn" inserted in the logic of our world play. If we knew how to manage our stage, what just reversals, what glorious "curtains" might we not yet see!

How does the chaos and red ruin of Russia find us? Divided, it is true, but ingenuously sympathetic with any revolt clever enough to march under the banner of love to man. We have conjured so long with the great word "liberty," we have lived in such outward security under her bright aegis, that the very sound of it summons us to an involuntary championship. Bolshevism itself cannot daunt us, for we simply, some hundred thousands of us, look on evil with a glad insistence that it can't be so very black after all, because anything else would be contrary to a comfortable going to bed o' nights. Bolshevism, the drunken giant, lusty from food, dripping with "brothers' blood," crowned with all the vices of all the tyrants since time began, must, in his secret counsels, roar out derision at us. At such rose-leaf simplicity of trust the augurs wink. We vapor and they know it. We are mentally perverse, oblique, cock-eyed.

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Is it possible that we are sincere in our equanimity? Are we actually ignorant that the world is still aflame? Do we think the act of our getting out the engines at the last did quench the fire for all time within a long perspective, and we, at least, are safe? I believe, as a nation, we do. The land is "made glorious summer by this sun" of a sophistical prosperity. We are not only at ease, but we swagger under the assumption that the war is conclusively won—and by us. It is true that, in one sense, we did win it, that, so desperate was the moment, the impact of our tardy championship was enough to shiver the shield of German arrogance. But in no other sense did we win it, and this despite the valor of our men and women, the concerted force of their brave rallying. We were the spectator who watches the drowning man and his rescuer battling toward the shore and who, when they are both on the point of going down exhausted, steps in, his own breath and muscle at their maximum, and saves them. The dramatic deed is his, its blazon and reward, but the man who unhesitatingly plunged, who hung on, against hope, against belief, his is the *nunc plaudite* of the all-seeing gods. We are told by the easy-going that these things are no more to be remembered, and that to rehearse them is ungenerous. We are given specious reasons why it was, in some never comprehensible way, wiser to lull the nation with weasel words while the world was dying. And it is true that in the simplest and most terrific indictment of human accountability ever written, "what's done is done." Only, being done, the bloody deed of our Great Refusal cries aloud from the ground, warning us to walk softly and swear by all the pains and penalties incurred by recreant honor, never to shirk responsibility again. But we are by no means walking softly. We are speeding along the highway of a specious prosperity. No *miserere Domine* for us, or, if it sparsely rise, it is overborne by the strangulated gutturals of the multitudinous motor car, going, it knows not quite where, but, according to trenchant slang, perennially "on the way." The breath of prayer is husky in our throats, choked by the stench of gasoline, drowned out in jazz. We have forgotten that the world is in anguish. We still in effect believe this is "no concern of ours." Was ever more crooked thinking bent out of the straight lines of the eternal laws?

There were times after the great bonfire blaze of 1914

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when it seemed as if moral vision was clouded save on a few mounts of transfiguration where men decided swiftly and died upon their word. Incarnate evil had risen and rioted. France, Belgium and England responded in an incredible rush of valor and swift action. Was it out of their own acute peril that they thundered their Everlasting No and backed it up so gloriously? or was it because they were clear-sighted enough to grasp the issue as it really was: that death itself—not only the destruction of the moment but the moral decay of the world—would follow the footsteps of the victorious Hun? We were slow of apprehension. Great winds had risen. They blew aside the veils of hypocrisy and custom. Silhouetted against that flaming background in France and Flanders we saw the incarnate values of life,—horned and hoofed or winged and crowned, there they strove before us. And while we still, for a space agonizing now to remember, temporised and paltered, was it because our hearts were hardened by an indurating prosperity that we snatched at the base apologia of a "war three thousand miles away?" I do not believe it. I do not believe we were, in the main, morally so far below the rank and file of other nations. It was not the heart in us that failed to function, but the brain. We thought crookedly, and the crooked act comes inevitably on the heels of crooked thought. We had not kept our mental house in order. We were "an unweeded garden"—yet rich enough in teeming rottenness for whatever seed unfaithful stewardship and madness drunk with its own aggrandizement were diligent to sow there. We awoke slowly to the bewildered certainty that the world was actually afire. And when that came which had to come, the inherent decency in us drove laggard leadership into war. But though the violence of our hurtling rush was tremendous, we fell back, after the impact and recoil, into our old sloth of irrational optimism. And there we wallow.

It would not be strange if we have gone far toward making the word democracy a byword and a hissing—save that nobody hisses us to any salutary extent. Nobody can afford to. We are not too impeccable, but too rich. Who would believe equality of living, that beautiful blend of justice and compassion, could ever have been allowed to degenerate into so uncouth a travesty? "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—those undying words are the eternal blazon of man's rights upon the earth. But we,

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being mad, how do we interpret them? Labor—that Briareus-handed Titan which cries out to every other member of the body politic, "I have no need of thee"—interprets them through growling defiance of the world it proposes to sap, not serve: "Yesterday was yours. To-day is mine. You have walked in silk attire. Now I can wipe my feet on velvet, and preferably the web you made me weave. I am stronger than you. Therefore the earth is mine. There is no god but the god of mechanical power. The god that builds altars and tends life in unregarded ways—he is no god. He who turns the full dinner-pail into the banquet that swells the rich man's base rotundity—he only is our god."

All which indicates that Labor has learned nothing from its long struggle upward out of the stithy of oppression and of pain. He is as mad as his whilom masters.

It is a tradition old as man that out of pain comes a bitter wisdom and the gentleness of right living, that poverty and endurance of themselves sweeten the heart and clarify the soul. If that is true, what should not Labor have learned in the old dark days when there were masters and want and scourges, slavery underground and dizzied children at the looms? Who would believe it could not have kept at least one jewel from the matrix of the earth it served, distilled some philter of deep wisdom from the bitter draught its masters made it brew? If it found the earth a *via dolorosa,* might it not also have gathered seeds of sweet herbs by the way, for the healing of the nations coming after it? The bond slave of the rich should have been the first to see the vision rising like a sun out of his night, not only of work for all in a system where all should work, but of time earned from every golden day for wholesome pleasures and the arts, those beneficences that are the enduring beauty and solace of the world. I see nothing in the propaganda of the new builders of democracy beyond an embruted: "It's our turn now." I hear no pronouncements from labor leaders on the worth and incalculable dignity of work done on honor. I hear only: "Fewer hours, more pay." The bad workman demands the same wage as the good, and the right safeguarding of the employer is denied him, in that the bad workman may not be discharged lest hydra-headed unions rise and bay out their boycott. I find in Labor as a class—the class it is rigorously fencing in from

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just intercourse with the complexity of civil life—no purer ardency than to eat, drink and be merry, according to the elaborations evolved through years of luxury by the self-indulgent rich. As Labor has been all envy, now he falls into a servility of imitation of that master he professed to scorn. He may have heard something to the effect that a man's soul may, without warning, be required of him, but an hour at the movies is sufficient to wipe out an uneasy suspicion that neither rich nor poor are immune from penalties. He is no kinder to his class than the former master of their fate has been. Capital squeezes out a weak competitor, but Labor would cut off the children of a city from their milk for an added per cent in carrying it. He would silence the telephone for an increased wage and let the coal lie at the wharves while his neighbor shivers. He will "better the instruction" of his leaders that the way to go singing is to throw down the pack and melt the ploughshare and pruning-book into arabesques for his palace of delight. But he is not, in his present orgy of repudiation and false values, a builder of palaces. He is a madman hollowing out the cell where inevitably he is bound, slouching along, a slothful giant bent on privilege. The old workman, dulled and servile at his worst, was more the man than this arrogant slacker. Even the old arduous task fervently pursued had threads of gold in it, the task that kept a man awake thinking out new ways of doing dull deeds better, that fostered in his soul a dumb allegiance, not to the master who oppressed him but the Maker of all, for the honest work of his hands. For then he did serve and beautify the world and his work smiled up at him. How has Labor condemned Dives at his sport of pleasure! And not too bitterly: for against the rich man unfaithful to his trust stands the most formidable indictment of the avenging years. Having the world in his hand, he betrayed it. To his deadened apprehension, it was not God's jewel to be cut into a myriad facets flashing light not only back to heaven but down into dark places; it was a toy to juggle with. And he lulled himself with that most ironic soporific of the man bent on the pious wiliness of serving two masters: the figment of a "condition of life to which it has pleased God to call" His children,—no cleverer shifting of responsibility than this! It was Dives who made the East End of London and the docks, who made Russia and Siberia: and this by the

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deed undone. For the man who wields the power of the earth is a temporal god. If it fails to thrive under his stewardship he is an unjust steward, and though the Master of the vineyard may delay in coming, he comes. The rich man, partaking in his degree of the madness of mankind, has invited his own Nemesis. We are left in no doubt of that. Again has Holy Writ been sufficiently explicit, and later prophets, including the labor leader, have not failed in corroborative denunciation.

But while Labor fulminates against the unfaithful rich, what of its own accountability? As it storms the high places to-day, it is not a multitude of giants, but a Falstaff's army perverse of will and weak in the bone because it has beckoned to itself the most terrible curse known to man, whereby he is punished by negations, the atrophy of his capacity for a rich spiritual inheritance. Nemesis does not merely follow your trail and squat on the doorstone of the house of life where you take refuge, saying: "I am here." Over and over she works by the dry rot of degeneration. She closes the gate to the avenues of wonder, and her mists rise before it so that you do not even see it close. You forget there ever was a gate and a track beyond to everlasting loveliness,—

> Lilies like thoughts, roses like words,
> In the sweet brain of June.

Through those inexorable laws that both strengthen or corrode the will of man according as he is straight or crooked, true or false, she moulds him to his fate. If you are at your bestial banqueting of low delights you are not invited to the marriage supper where the draught is of no earthy vintage and angels and archangels make delicious music, "harping with their harps." Or you were invited to that marriage supper of pure intent and holy purposes, but you had an engagement and failed to come, or the invitation dropped from your lax hand unread and you went on boozing from that yeasty cup of arrogance of power. Poor Labor, in its little hours of coveted authority! It has minimised hours and piled up pay, but it has also repudiated good work, and against that the gods are angry. Therefore rot is in its bones. For if man may be saint-like when he endures, he is god-like when he creates, partaking then of the very nature of his Father who created him. When the poet wakes from his dream at dawn, to the sound of rhythmic feet and lyres

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leading them, he may well salute the God of dance and lyre with the amazed thanksgiving: "This I made." And so it runs through varying degrees. The clean room, the loaf of bread, the house built on honor, the garden clear of weeds, these also are creative acts, and the doer has his guerdon over and above any wage in joining that same pæan to the Master who also works. He has added something to the earth's beauty or her productiveness. He is in tune with the rhythm of things made. He is a son of God. But when he scamps the job and flouts at homely needs, he is a renegade against the law whereby alone man can live.

What dreams we had in the days following our awakening in 1917, of the new earth at ease under a heaven friendly because it was unobscured, when we should have cleaned out the Augean stables filthy from the awakening of Barbarossa's horsemen! In that moment of anguish, we were, for a heart's beat of terrified recognition, actually on the way back to old allegiances. The bravest rushed to cover in poetry and the thought of God. We believed with an eager credulity that mankind had at last learned that final lesson. The old injustices were dead. The phrase was current everywhere, that those who had bought us that bright guerdon "must not die in vain." Our girls, in uniformed vigor, did the most menial and most daring deeds with a sober efficiency. We said that woman, too, was set free from the toils of custom. She need no more assert her equality with man in the sterner virtues, for she had accepted the supreme challenge and endured the ordeal, chaste as Artemis, fearleses as the Amazonian queens. What did she do, poor prisoner to her own abrogated instincts, when the armistice, which was no peace but a new complexity of strife, stripped her of emergency clothes and her emergency frame of mind? She who had won freedom for her rhythmic muscles stepped into a skirt no wider than her brother's trouser leg and went hobbling along in it down the tittering aisles of time. She mounted on the fool's dais of highest heels to peg about the more uncertainly, she painted over the bloom of her beauty with the cosmetics predicted by Mrs. Tanqueray for the raddled face of the *passée* demimonde, and went forth in abbreviated chiffon to dance, "cheek to cheek," dances as ugly as provocative.

She is the astounding enlivener of a late best-seller that is said, in an authoritative quarter, to embody the "glorious

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spirit of abounding youth," and if the portrait of her as therein set forth is no libel, but a true copy, she is the pitiable victim of precocious sex recognitions. One of the pseudo-intellectual bromides of the present confusion of mental values is "class consciousness." She is the bizarre embodiment of an undigested sex consciousness. She is the wantoning reaction against what this tell-tale novel of "abounding youth" calls the "hypocritical era." Was the era of restrained discussion and modesty of mien and dress entirely hypocritical? Is mere decency of demeanor hypocrisy? Decency, one is inclined to say, is like a clean shirt. You may be very dirty under it, but you'd better have the shirt. Now, I do not believe that girlhood in her present phase of moral and physical high kicking is of necessity more attractive to the young manhood with any sort of tradition behind it than if she did not unveil her beauties to sun, moon and planets seven. Difference, not mimicry, was ever the more piquing. And she still loves, with all the fierceness nature planted in her, to attract her mate. She has not changed in that. The old-time impulse of surging blood and waking heart is in her as it was in those other maids, Perdita and Desdemona of sweet, fragrant memory,—Juliet, too, and Beatrice and Rosalind, for though in them the tides of life rose mountain high and swamped the dykes, yet were they of such a genius of fine behavior as to be still of beauties all compact. No, the rowdy young girl of present day portrayals, she who has no more eloquent rebuttal of her elders than to bid them "shut up," she is still the challenger of love. But why challenge so whoopingly, why "spoil the bread and spill the wine"? There is but one answer: because she, too, is the victim of a time so palpably "out of joint." The germs of world madness have settled upon her also and bred in her a grotesque travesty of youth.

I cannot believe that the human race deliberately chooses to be immoral and uncouth. I do not even believe that it sees the good and yet does evil. I can only conclude that it may honestly echo the ironic apology of Hamlet: "My wit's diseased." Who shall otherwise account for these things save by an indictment of willful disobedience so terrible that the dignity of man made in God's image forbids our making it? We are told that the greater cities of Europe whirled into gayety in the reaction after the armistice. What we ourselves did and what we are doing now, we know, and

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can hardly have the face to confess. We remember those deadly intervals when it was first possible to believe that France might be left to stand alone, with nothing but lip service guaranteed her, after the vows and plaudits echoing over Christendom in our time of need. We know how glibly we are discussing the fate of Poland. Does all this mean that death rigor of the heart we call unfaithfulness, ingratitude? Or may it be that mankind's mind is indeed not serving him, that he falls into such a damnable bathos of base action because he is mentally incapable of assimilating the fruits of experience and setting his conduct by the dial of the old unchanging laws? Can it be that the cry of divine compassion, "they know not what they do," had a specific scientific meaning, and that the human brain did not then, and does not now, comprehend in any degree the deeds it justifies? Of a certainty, if there is anything but a satiric lack of kindness in the overlordship of this present life, we are set here for a purpose wholly benevolent to us, a purpose that seems to involve the freedom of the will. Our great Master is not governing us by any sporadic interference even in the most piteous emergencies. He has allowed us to inscribe our own Tables of the Law out of the scrappy legends of experience, and here, in the midst of tempest and upheaval, we are to decipher them and decide whether we shall obey. But can it be that we are as yet so mentally incapable that we cannot read what the stylus of time has so painfully wrought, cannot adequately choose? Can it be also that the human brain has not kept pace with the complexity of human action? Decisions are demanded of it that were absolutely foreign to the planet when it was less overburdened with life. The ease of communication has brought mankind into a nearness that is alarming, unless it can learn, by equal steps, a strict honor of action, an interdependent helpfulness. Once it was a far cry from Ponkapog to Pesth. Now it has been demonstrated that what happens in Serbia can be felt in the remotest corner of New England. "There'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring" was sometime a humorous refrain. But the Balkans have amply proved to us that, if there is trouble there, the farthest limit of human life may be washed by the ripple of it. Are we so dizzied by the complexity of monstrous forces that our childish remedy is to act not according to the inherited consensus of opinion in mankind which is called common sense,

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but to take refuge in jerry-built temples of unsound benevolences and chant the litanies of an unsupported optimism? Are we actually unequal to our task, not of a meddlesome guardianship of races foreign to our every habit of thought, but to that sane commerce of free minds whereby alone the nations of the earth will learn to live in decent amity? There are tremendous perspectives before us, not merely down the corridors of time as history dimly opens them, but over the seething sea of the present, the incompleted act, the clamoring belief. We have not yet built the ships to sail that sea. He will be a great shipwright who lays their keel; it will take a master mariner to guide them.

Where are the roots of action, both in the individual and the race? I believe they are in the unseen, nourished by our will, starved through our neglect, and that the prime cause of deterioration in our public life is the decay of the imagination, that beautiful handmaid of the brain, that angel who drops manna when we hunger and sings us songs of the almost despaired-of "divine event toward which the whole creation moves." We have chilled and starved her "noble rage," elbowed her aside and trodden over her to our debasing quests. If we had given her the food of a right regard, she would have dwelt among us and taught us that worship accepted of the true gods. Our temples would have risen from sound foundations, we should have discoursed imperishable music until somehow the accordant intervals would have moved our blood to their own rhythm, and some child among us might have snatched more music from the stars to beguile us into those ravishments we are credulous of when we read about them in that age when the gods walked and the world was young. If we had followed the path of the imagination to the true gods, we should not be smashing one another at this game of fisticuffs for the mammoth gains of trade. And the imagination is not only the purveyor of beauty; she is the mother of sympathy as well. She can see into the hearts of God's children who bear the too grievous load, and feel with them the rasp of sobbing breath, the hunger and the thirst. She alone leads the doubting heart to that mingled tenderness and service and divine credulity which is called religion. She whispers into men's ear the rapt ecstasy: *Credo, quia impossibile est.*

ALICE BROWN.

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POLAND'S WOMEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

"POLAND is the most discouraging country in Europe." A second group of passport and customs officials on one side only of the frontier of the third young nation to which our train de luxe had so far victoriously battled, had just invaded our compartment (all such superfluous pre-war formalities as knocking or calling having been long since discarded) to announce that in fifteen minutes, that is, at 2:30 a. m., in the rain, we must descend from the train with all pieces of luggage for a two hours' border inspection. After which, if this particular young nation consented, we might attempt to get on to the next.

Obviously, this night's effort, like others, to recover long arrears of sleep would prove futile, so my Zurich to Warsaw compartment mate felt justified in making at least one pronouncement. It touched Poland, because Poland is uppermost in the mind of most persons who have grappled with the Near East situation. It was comprehensive, and uttered in a tone of weary despair—the disheartened conclusion of one who had gone to Poland several months before in the hope of seeing set up the machinery of sudden justice for a long-despised twelfth of the population. "Border, all out!"—and as we struggled down into the rain she repeated, "Poland's problems are simply unsolvable."

This conclusion echoed an opening statement in a conversation I had had a short time before with Madam Sobanska, a brilliant Polish woman of that brilliant plains capital, Warsaw. But she had swiftly retracted it. "No," she said, "I withdraw that remark to ask, instead, if we have any right to demand of a people, brutally held apart during one hundred and fifty years in three separate divisions and each subjected to a special variety of slavery, a sudden capacity for common initiative and organized ef-

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fort? Should a century and a half of oppression be considered a training period in methods of state-building? Instead of expressing discouragement, I should say that what we are today seeing accomplished is astonishing and full of promise for the future.

"In my particular work, for instance (Madame is President of the National Woman's Organization), of trying to educate all Polish women for citizenship, for a clearer sense of national ideals and a united push back of them, though at times I feel powerless before a great inertia, I am yet for the most part genuinely encouraged. And I never forget how potent the Polish women's part in the launching of the new state has already proved."

And here I wish to interrupt Madame Sobanska to say that in no other country I have visited, nor in our own, have I heard such frank and warm-hearted appreciation of the importance of woman's co-operation in all activities as I have from the men of Poland. The most striking quality in this expression was its spontaneousness. It gave not at all, as is so often true of admissions or acknowledgments elsewhere, the impression of a realization arrived at after long or bitter struggle. It was simple and big, unqualified and happy. When I asked for an explanation of this interesting attitude, I was told that it was due, at least partly, to the fact that in the better class Polish home women have for centuries held a remarkable position, one of fine comradeship and co-operation.

But to return to the President of the National Woman's Organization. "Until 1905," she was saying, "in my particular third of dismembered Poland, the Russian-ruled part called Congress Poland, we were forbidden to form a society of any kind whatsoever. And even after 1905, we had no real right to do so; for what the Russian gave with one hand he took away with the other. Should we expect our people, then, instantly to recognize the value and method of centralized effort?

"And yet see what our Woman's League alone has already accomplished. Today we have branches in each of the three geographical divisions of resurrected Poland. Each of these tries to cover its territory and to correlate the work of other organizations. Beneath all the surface variations, past and present, in the social, economic, and political structure of my long-martyred country, there has persisted

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the unalterable welding force of Polish patriotism. On that we build."

Having heard much of the Pole as a patriot and a dreamer, I interrupted, "But just how practical are the aims of your League, with its far-flung motto 'For God and the Motherland'?"

"Just this practical," she flashed back, "that any intelligent citizen will tell you that the first coalition government, which stabilized the newly re-created Polish state, was made possible because of the Polish women's vote, and the League had an important part in educating that vote."

I was not surprised at this statement, since I had heard it made two months earlier by the Polish Minister at Washington.

"We have tried to teach that the Polish woman's first duty in this uncertain, formative period is to act as a steadying and constructive force. The socialists gave us, practically without our solicitation, for we had not yet had time for any concerted demand, the vote; and we have used it with power in conservative action. Already at the end of November, 1918, the reports of the first election to the Legislative Diet showed how energetic had been the cooperation of the fifteen thousand women then active in the National Woman's Organization. They had aided directly in the victory of the national election lists, especially in Warsaw, but also wherever there was the smallest sub-committee. We were, moreover, later, as I have said, an important factor in securing the Paderewski coalition cabinet.

"And we are just this practical," she continued; "we believe in the power of printed appeal and instruction, but we have early found our work in this field blocked by the uncertainty of the industrial situation. Strikes and the mounting cost of paper and printing (the smallest pamphlet today costs the equivalent of a pre-war dollar and a half) have completely threatened our correspondence programme. Now, men printers do not admit women to their union; so we proposed aiding the daughters of professors and other members of the *Intelligentsia,* who must earn their living, to form a union of women printers. We will train them to support themselves and at the same time to render a great patriotic service. They are waiting—so eager to begin. We are ready to train them; we have chosen one printing-house; we have everything but the money (and

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it is not a large sum that we need) to finance the undertaking.

"Our plans are all made, too (and they require less money to realize) for establishing a big, independent city bakery to be run by women, whose business it will be to keep down the cost of bread; to act as a check on profiteering and on unwarranted strikes. The very fact that we have two hundred women waiting to turn to the ovens as soon as we can set them up, prevented a recently proposed bakers' strike. This work we consider quite in line with our avowed policy of trying to force a stabilizing and constructive programme. Am I answering your fears?" she smiled.

I happened to know, too, that this particular Warsaw leader had just offered her services and those of a squadron of her women to the Government for work in the plebiscite areas. How few of us here in America realize that Poland with all she has to face after one hundred and fifty years of Russian-German-Austrian oppression, was left by the Paris Peace Conference practically without borders! Two short strips of determined frontier, and for the rest, the festering sores of five major plebiscite areas, and the supreme peril of an open question along the East. Poland's thought and determination have been so focussed on this eastern danger that she has had little time to devote to the also vitally important plebiscite territories. And these devoted women of the National Organization are now volunteering to go into them wherever the Government may prefer, and to do their best to counteract the active propaganda of the rival claimants, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. They were counting on the arrival of their English friend and great lover of Poland, Miss Alma Tadema, who has offered to go with them.

I had other conversations with Madame Sobanska and with her Warsaw central committee, each one leaving me with a stronger impression of the brilliancy and energy of these women of the Great Slavic plains of the north. At the close of one of them, with a half-weary, half-whimsical smile, Madame Sobanska said suddenly, "It must be very pleasant to go away, as you do, Madame, to work for the women of some other country! I am afraid the fate of the Polish women of this generation, at least, is to remain always on the spot!"

The chief difficulty in writing about Poland is that from

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whatever angle one looks at it, it appears of volume, and not article, size. For example, the scope of the work of this single National Woman's Organization is so great that I should have liked to follow that alone during all my stay.

But I was interested, really, primarily in the kitchens that have kept a million three hundred thousand children alive during this year. And after visiting those in Warsaw with Mrs. Palmer Fuller, the wife of Mr. Hoover's representative, I turned southward toward Galicia. But not before thanking heaven and the United States for such tense, terse, young Americans as these in Warsaw, who with others like them are replenishing with the healing waters of their fine ideality and virility, the drying world-fountain.

From Warsaw, I traveled southward over apparently limitless plains, that have something of the fascination of the desert, to Cracow, now a quaint mediaeval university town, but formerly the proud seat of Poland's royal dynasties. And from there I went eastward across billowy green plains, much more picturesque now than the monotonous stretches to the north, toward Lemberg, that strange cosmopolitan city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, rising from the plains way off beyond where anyone ever expects to see a tower thrust skyward from the earth. And then one dry, hot noon I reached Zborow, once one of the two places of importance between Lemberg and Tarmapol, with its summer races and pensions, and one of the gayest little towns in all Galicia. Now, though a few buildings still stand, it is a rather complete ruin, which does not prevent it, however, from acting as a child-kitchen distributing center for sixty points, some of them villages and others mere congeries of dugouts. It was in one of these, before their "demonstrator" arrived, that a bewildered people decided that Americans must have meant the strange brown powder (cocoa) to be boiled with potatoes, while in another the cook welcomed it as a heaven-sent gift of paint with which she proceeded to beautify her shabby kitchen!

It was Ascension Day in Zborow, the third distinct Ascension Day I had stumbled into in this land of bewildering religions, and the people, in their brightest kerchiefs and garments, were gathered picturesquely within and about an Orthodox church, an Orthodox Greek church, a Unicate Greek church, a surviving mosque, a synagogue, and a Catholic church. In America we might pass all their varying

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domes and spirals untroubled, but here, where they still represent primitive forces of separation and cohesion, the scene takes on new meaning. Incidentally, there are, à propos of fête and saint days, about one hundred and seventy-five legal working days in Poland, which has not yet passed a law as Yugo Slavia has, increasing their number.

In a village near Zborow, Jaroslawitce, mostly thatched clay huts above ground, though a few families are huddling in caves beneath the ruins of the great castle, I found the feeding kitchen but a tiny wooden hut. Inside it, in one corner, was a miniature brick stove, bearing the rice and cocoa kettles, with the baby's crib pushed up close to it, and just room besides for two other cots and a cat. When I asked how many children were being fed daily, the sturdy mistress, apparently on the defensive, exclaimed, "But, madame, I cannot more than twenty-four. I tried for eighty, but I had to make the fire so hot to cook for eighty, that I burned down all my house. So the American Captain does let the others take their rice home, which is against all the rules. He understands I cannot burn down my house again!"

I was pleased to happen upon this irregularity of Mr. Hoover's representative in East Galicia. He is a good executive and he meets a situation like this in the true American manner. I happened to cross to Belgium with him in early 1916, when he was fresh from college and eager to help anywhere along the line. He began in a clerical post in the Brussels office. I was not surprised to find him four years later, here on the Eastern beach, with two lithe black dogs as his immediate family, and with a quarter of a million boys and girls as his family at large. This young man is more ardently American (and he is typical of the group I know working in Europe) than he ever could have been had he not learned to measure American values on a world rule. For example, while he stands for service at any misery point, he would yet most zealously guard our own port gates. He has won some very real knowledge on the subject of immigration and he is longing to see misery ended and the chance to go home to put his convictions into practice.

Though after our visit to Jaroslawitce we were hungry, we could not consider eating our few luncheon sandwiches within sight of the miserable little village, with its kitchen

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for twenty-four. So we pressed forward over the plain and up on to a plateau overlooking a battlefield still marked by wire and concrete wreckage, where the Russians made another stand after their retreat before Mackensen's push in 1917. This great, mournful field is but a part of the vast devastated plain stretching from Riga to Roumania. Here we seemed safely out of sight of anyone, and in our open car we set about unwrapping the few sandwiches that had cost three hundred marks, and I remembered, as I helped, that the Polish second Lieutenant accompanying us receives exactly four hundred marks salary each month!

As I was, despite everything, enjoying the brilliant sunshine and the untrammeled look forward, and was ready to bite into my second sandwich, I had suddenly the curious sense of someone or something near. I said so, and we turned about to look upon a group of six ragged boys of varying stature. They were not begging, they had just somehow crept up from the grassy plain to discover what we were and were silently regarding us. On a rapid count, we found we could offer each a sandwich.

It is difficult yet, without misty eyes, to recall the six, as, after touching their ragged caps, they grouped, with heads bent above their treasure, to examine and whisper over it. In reality, only five grouped, for the smallest boy—about six he would be had he grown under normal conditions, he may really have been ten or twelve—had no sooner realized what he had in his hand, than he began to run like a rabbit across the plain, on toward some mother, hidden from us somewhere in the green vista.

To one who has not seen a railroad train on the Eastern war beach, the sight is worth seeking. The one between Lemberg and Tarnopol had been running only a month when I first saw it, silhouetted against the far sky. There was no accustomed level top line, but an irregular outline curving over the clustered heads and shoulders of the dozens who had somehow managed to crawl up to the car roofs; and no level lower line because from platforms and steps, the legs of those sticking to hard-won spaces dangled, sometimes almost reaching the rails. As the diminutive engine puffed cautiously nearer, I distinguished bright kerchiefs and stockings, and realized that the wearers were Ruthenians (the name given Ukranians who have lived under Austrian rule) celebrating the Orthodox Ascension

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Day. All the arms and heads that could humanely push through each window stuck out along the train side, and between them I could see the densely wedged, standing companies within—children, women, men, not room for a lath between them. That kind of train with its packed, bulging, protruding dangling humanity is a rather unforgettable sight. And they were proceeding good-naturedly on the whole, even gaily; for after all, was not this a train?

My motor soon left it far behind; for I was hurrying back to Lemberg, that strange city where East meets West, and where little boys and old grandmothers wear the military cross for having served in its defense in November, 1918. And as I write it is rumored that Lemberg has again been taken by that dread and merciless Bolshevik army. The rumor is denied, but one's heart aches for the young boys and the old grandmothers who must again be standing ready at their posts. And for the young women soldiers, the *Legionistes,* in their trim khaki uniforms with weapons at their belts, who are solemnly, bravely drilling.

Through the dust of a cross-street as I re-entered the city, I caught sight of another group of trim young women, attractively uniformed in blue, "The Polish Grays," my officer volunteered, "born in America of Polish parents, thirty of them trained and brought across by the Y. W. C. A., then early turned over to the Hoover organization to help install and inspect kitchens. But they are all doing other work besides," he added, "and are generally off on the frontiers, at the blackest misery points. It is a miracle that they have so far escaped typhus, and worse. You happen to see that group on the city street today because this is the East Galicia headquarters; tomorrow they will make off for the four points of the compass. That is their leader, the slim, dark-haired, hazel-eyed one, in the middle, Miss Koslowska, one of the quietest, sweetest, wisest little women I have ever seen at work. Her people are from near Vilna, but she was born in Pennsylvania. She says she will not return to the United States in July when this year's volunteer service ends, but will stay on,—her mother's country has won her heart.

"You should have seen those girls last winter," he said proudly, "when the sixty-five thousand clothing outfits arrived, how swiftly they cut their demonstration patterns, swung knapsacks over their shoulders, and in bitter Decem-

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ber started off in straw carts or trains, or on foot, to organize distribution centers. Miss Anna, there, was one to make her way in a hay wagon to a far, cold village, which she found apparently deserted. Finally, a ragged little boy explained that the villagers had gone in a body to a railway station to wait for a train, for they had heard an American Mission was to come to them. In these regions today everything American, important or unimportant, group or individual, is covered by the all-honored and all-embracing title, *Misja Amerykanska.* 'Go and tell them to come home —it's here,' Anna laughed. And the little boy ran off through the mud."

The following morning I went to the "Polish Gray" headquarters to ask Miss Koslowska if she had not, aside from her big kitchen responsibilities, some special lesser enterprises afoot. She smiled back at me. "Oh, yes, naturally. Would you like to come with me to my Working Girl's Home?" We hurried to a freshly-scrubbed building, where an eager cook was already installed in a prospective kitchen, and where thirty Red Cross beds were set up in two airy rooms. "Six hundred working women between twelve and thirty years old, are begging to come to these thirty beds," Miss Koslowska said. "And as you see I have as yet no bedding for the thirty. However, it will be found, and in the end I shall have enough homes for all the six hundred. Four Polish women are ready to assume the direction for me. The chief difficulty will be coal." And on the spot we arranged that a certain American woman I knew would pay for two carloads of coal, if the American representative could somehow secure that amount. Since it was still May, there was just the chance that he might succeed; after July, there would be little hope.

From the Home we drove several kilometers beyond the city, to a sweet spot in a little pine wood, where Miss Koslowska had set up some big army tents about a sunny main building, and put three charity sisters in charge of forty babies she had already extracted from frightful places of damp and misery in Lemberg. When we arrived they were out playing among piles of brick and sand, having sun-baths on their pitiful infected skins. And then with astonishment I watched Miss K. draw tiny dolls from her blouse, picture cards from her cuffs, trinkets from her hat, and smiling, silently slip them into little outstretched hands.

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On the way home, we passed an unusual number of the long, cradle-like, withe-plaited wagons of the region. Few horses are motor-broken, and each family tucked away in the straw of the cradle seemed doomed to be tossed into the road-side ditch before we got by it. Usually the driver leaped down to cover his horse's eyes, while the wife in her bright kerchief and beads sat quietly in the straw waiting to be tossed, or to escape, as the case might be!

If the war were ended, and the coal famine and the bed and room famine were ended, Cracow would be one of the loveliest old towns in the world to seek out and to linger in. But hardly yet. The traveler in Europe, and especially in Eastern Europe, who achieves, perhaps, a month-old paper, reads with a sardonic grin that several thousand Americans are about to cross the Atlantic. "Let them come," he says, "let them try just the famous 'train de luxe' trip from Paris to Warsaw, and then for a bed for a night anywhere, and to get a place in another train out for anywhere, and they will beg to be taken aboard any boat westward bound, from any port, large or small!"

Since I had not carried them with me, my telegrams to Cracow announcing my return had naturally failed to arrive, and I encountered the long-familiar, "unfortunately not a single room or bed in this hotel, or in the entire city—nothing for days." "Trains out? No place left for this month. Diplomatic passport—that avails nothing. Packet of official letters—also, nothing!" I had, to be sure, tucked away in my bag two personal letters to families with whom I knew I could find hospitality, but since I lacked the exuberant energy necessary to combine "visiting" with work, I left them where they were, and deposited my bag and knapsack on the floor—to wait. By night Mr. Hoover's representative might return from a plebiscite district, and be able to help me out. He did return and generously suggested that I take his bed while he improvised a cot in the corridor. But when we reached the third floor back, he found that his room either was, or had been, occupied. And then a Miss V., an English girl, wearing two rows of decorations, who worked in a nearby prison camp, hurried out of the adjoining room to explain that she had just had to slip a British soldier convalescing from typhus, still skin and bone, and with nowhere to lay his head, into that room—but that he had just left. The typhus hospital clothes

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lay in a heap on the floor, and the American captain remarked grimly that he would personally superintend the cleaning of the room before I, or anyone else, passed the night in it.

Miss V. invited me next door, to wait—she was just in from a hard day at Dabie prison camp. "I don't think there is any danger, I haven't brought one home yet," she laughed, twitching to scratch her shoulder; "though there's nothing but Divine Providence to explain why I haven't. It's one of the worst nests in all Europe—five thousand Bolshevik prisoners packed into it—and some wives of officers and children along with them. I came up to Galicia for a bit of a rest and stumbled onto this ghastly thing, and of course I have had to stay. Yes, I am the only English woman here, but a number of people are sending me things and helping in various ways. The Captain, for instance, is giving me Hoover food, and I'm starting a children's kitchen there tomorrow. One really can't blame the Poles for its being so bad, they are employing the only system they have known, the one that was practiced upon them. And they haven't energy or food to spare yet to set this right. But that doesn't prevent it's being a ghastly business." She went over to a table to busy herself with some raffia with which she was trying to teach a few men to make shoes, while I read through a pile of prisoners' letters on her desk, most of them pretty heart-breaking appeals.

And then I started off to see the Comtesse Borowska, Inspector of Child Kitchens for West Galicia. I found her, with her husband and a charming daughter of seventeen, living in four rooms, two of which served as offices and work-rooms during the day. Once the owners of a beautiful chateau near Lublin, they had seen it completely ravaged by the Bolsheviki, and I found them accepting their fate with a dignity and calm courage difficult to describe. A recurrent note in their conversation was the phrase, "*Rien est perdu.*"

When Madame found out where I was to sleep, she called a swift family conference. "It cannot, it shall not be allowed," she insisted, "we have learned to take no chances with typhus. Here is a sofa, I will sleep on that, it will not in the least inconvenience me, since I typewrite till two or later in this room every night. You will take

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my little bed in the next room, and, if you prefer, may slip downstairs at four in the morning to continue your journey, without waking us. You will find a thermos bottle with tea on a table and some bread and cheese, all we have to offer you—*voilà, tout!* It's all perfectly simple. Come back you must." "And if you prefer," her husband added laughing, "we can make a night of talking."

And shortly after ten o'clock I did return, and I did slip away in the rain at four without waking these kind friends, for we had talked far into the night. They had somehow managed to save from the otherwise complete ruin a few books, among them one of Bret Harte's, and an album of snap-shots, which helped me to follow their happier days. And then I listened to the calm recital of a story I cannot attempt to retell. It ended with the all but miraculous escape of the mother and daughter disguised as Bolshevik soldiers, while the father, and the two sons now fighting on the Bolshevik front, were forced to watch the destruction of all they cherished. Then followed the wonderful re-union and the beginning of relief work in Cracow. The daughter had enrolled in the agricultural department of the university and hoped to manage a small experimental and producing farm this summer.

I found an exquisite bit of old handiwork pinned to the wall beside my narrow bed, and in this simple room I washed my hands in a lovely little silver bowl—there were just these two visible links with the past.

I had not heard even the suggestion of complaint, not anything but a superb acceptance of destiny; all thought seemed concentrated on the Poland to be; all desire was to work. *"L'avenir est au travail!"* One felt that the terrific tragedy in which they had been, not the on-lookers, but the actors, had worked in them through the emotions of pity and fear, the supreme Katharsis. The wanderer goes from their rude roof, very humble, but at the same time fresh-panoplied in courage.

"The future is work"—that is indeed the slogan of Polish women today. Everywhere in the thousands of children's dining-rooms, in the hospitals, in the co-operative shops and homes for working women, in the trades' classes, and as they were drilling on the street,—in all their varied undertakings, I felt them courageously repeating these words.

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And then after I returned to Warsaw and was, in fact, just about to leave for America, I went to a big meeting of the Professional and Business Women's Club, where one recognized the same thought breathing through every utterance. This meeting was, in a way, more interesting than any other I attended in Poland.

The Warsaw group is part of a national Professional and Business Women's Organization, similar to the one recently formed in our own country. And they had gathered to honor and to exchange views with Miss Lathrop of our Children's Bureau, who had come across the border from Czeko-Slovakia, where she had been studying that new republic's undertakings for its women and children.

The Polish women chose to hold their reception in a large and imposing room of the Hotel de Ville, but beyond that all arrangements were distinctly informal. They came in costumes varying from uniform and tailor suit to simple evening dress—nothing more elaborate; for it is still considered extremely bad form in Poland and as failing to recognize her still desperate plight, to appear in public in full evening dress. Quantities of pink and white hawthorn had been used with beautiful effect all above the high-ceilinged white hall, and on the little tea and sandwich tables dotting the wide spaces. About these tables and at the long "Honor table," near which Miss Lathrop was supposed to remain, people clustered in animated little companies. At no moment except during the speeches did the rapid-fire conversation cease. To the onlooker these women seemed to possess tremendous vitality and power. The speeches themselves, except those of Miss Lathrop and the reception committee, were made, apparently spontaneously, from any point in the hall—model speeches, brief and vivid.

The tall, very handsome and brilliant-minded Madame Sktodowska, a sister of the famous scientist, Madame Curie, whom many of us forget is a Pole, was the chairman of the evening, and she had about her the five women members of the National Diet, the seven women of the Warsaw Municipal Council, jurists, physicians, professors of political economy, and women from nearly all branches of industry. It would be difficult to meet a more distinguished company.

The common note in the speeches was gratitude toward

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and faith in their Sister Republic, the United States. They did not try to minimize the terrific task before them, but they faced it with hearts high.

Any climax of interest, indicated by clapping was also stressed by the orchestra, which played some brief, lovely song or interlude—and many times we rose to the Star Spangled Banner and the Polish hymn. Emotion seemed to fail to reach necessary expression until music had carried on the paragraph. And I could understand, how after years of repression in speech, these women rely on music more than we do.

They were delighted with Miss Lathrop's message, and pressed about her with eager questions. Then suddenly off in a corner we heard singing. A little group of girl-soldiers, in trim uniforms and with loaded pistols at their belts, were half chanting old folk songs. From song to song they modulated, and as I looked over the sea of rapt faces and at those of the girl warriors as they voiced the age-old sorrows and hopes of their people, I thought I had had just a little glimpse into the heart of Poland.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

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INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN KOREA

BY RICHARD H. RITTER

The supreme fact in Korea today is the predominance of the Japanese Government; this fact overshadows everything.

Entering Korea today is, from one viewpoint, like stepping into the middle ages; from another viewpoint, everything seems modern. In Seoul you may stop at one of the finest hotels in Asia, surrounded by every European luxury; you may enter modern factories and modern schools, and change your money at a bank whose exterior, at least, would grace Broadway. The post office, a large and splendid building, is just across the street; and other business buildings with imposing fronts remind you of your own county court-house. You may visit a large technical college, industrial school, experiment station; may play tennis at a delightful and secluded club in the heart of the city; ride in comfortable tram-cars on well-paved streets; and if you fall ill, you may be attended at good hospitals, either Japanese or American.

On the other hand, all one has to do is to walk around the corner to see the white-robed, dignified, Korean with his "fly-cage" topknot-protector on his venerable head, flaying grain as his grandfather's grandfather did; or you may walk down one of the old Korean streets of the city where the brass hammerers, the rattan-workers, the carpenters, the cloth or rug weavers, with their shops, their homes and their factories, all in the same room, eke out their daily living as of yore. If you look up, you will see the telegraph wires, sure signs of progress but if you look down, you will see roads that are dirt, dust, or mud in season; the contrast is everywhere. All Asiatic lands present this appearance to some degree, but Korea more than others. There is a varnish of progress of the most sticky kind spread out thinly over the mildewed customs of forgotten dynasties.

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This shows itself especially in the industrial enterprises. The old apprentice system, similar to that of China, still endures, but the daily wage-earners (first cousins to those of Lowell, Chicago or Manchester) are also in evidence in the factories. There are no strikes in these industrial enterprises, because of the political threat. Indeed, one is surprised to see that most of the skilled workmen in and about these places of industry are not Koreans at all, but members of the master-nation. Only the coolie jobs seem to be held by the natives; and it is obvious that their life is not of the eight-hour-a-day and extra-pay-for-overtime type. The worst kind of exploitation is that which is sanctioned by political preferences. One is reminded of the old days when the Persians enslaved the Babylonians for a century or two, after which the Babylonians gained the upper hand and forced the Persians to the grind-stone in return. The idea of mastership was fundamental to the ancient imperialisms, and one is inevitably reminded of Persia and Babylonia when he visits Korea.

With it all, however, it is not hard to see the Japanese viewpoint. It is a fact that the Government of Korea has accomplished an extraordinary amount of progressive legislation during the past nine years. This is especially apparent in industrial education. There are at present no fewer than seventy-four agricultural colleges alone, all founded and supported by the Japanese Government; there are also eight commercial schools, four technical schools, and one fishery school, some giving only elementary and some advanced instruction. All of these schools are either free, or charge a small tuition, and, generally speaking, are open to both Korean and Japanese students on the same terms. There are, also, a large technical college at Seoul (which, though said to be excellent, is singularly suspicious of visitors), besides an agricultural and a dendrological college at Suwon. The teaching in these schools is entirely in the Japanese language.

Connected with the agricultural college is a model experiment station with four branches in other towns, one of which specializes in cotton growing, one in fruit trees, and one in sheep-breeding. Farmers are helped in many practical ways, both educational and financial. Itinerant teachers lecture and show exhibits in small towns; there are seedling nurseries, with free distribution of seed to all farm-

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ers; and there are pig and poultry nurseries. Silk worms are distributed free, with instruction in sericulture.

This is a splendid achievement in popular industrial education, and when one takes into added consideration the many paternalistic undertakings for the benefit of farmers and small manufacturers which cannot be called educational and therefore cannot be discussed here, but are nevertheless quite admirable, one is inclined not to think lightly of the Japanese arguments. Rural banks which lend money at low interest, agencies for the purchase of feed, tools, and other farm commodities at small prices, besides well thought-out programmes on the part of the Government, are increasing in a marvelously rapid manner. One must admire and respect the immense energy of the Japanese in opening up the resources of Korea to the world. It is safe to say that during the past decade there has been greater improvement in industrial methods and education in Korea than in any other country in Asia, and perhaps in the world; and it has been entirely due to the energy and genius of the Japanese colonists and Government. Such progress under Korean or Chinese rule would have been impossible.

There are new problems, of course, which this rapid expansion in industrial education has brought about. In the first place, its beneficent results can as yet reach only a small fraction of the people, while it works all the greater hardship on those who are too ignorant or too remote to take advantage of the opportunities. Thus the competition begun by the new-style farmer against the old-style farmer, pushes the old-fashioned man still further down into his morass of poverty. The inevitable result is that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. This is something which, under our generally approved status of economic society, can hardly be helped; no Government has as yet solved the problem. But it is significant that in Korea, due perhaps to the fact that the Japanese are the more progressive of the two races, it happens that all these improvements are preponderantly (some say almost exclusively) to the advantage of the Japanese colonists. Thus the difference between the conquered race and the conquering race is further accentuated, whether or not the Government so intends.

The industrial revolution is already in its first stages. Those who have the necessary capital buy the machinery

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and employ those who have not. Of course the only ones who have capital are the Japanese. The competition of the Japanese, therefore, has worked havoc among the old-time native industries. The cotton-weaving industry, for instance, which twenty years ago was flourishing in Korea, is now practically eliminated. Many of the old hand-workers are at present jobless; and poverty in Korea is distinctly on the increase. The higher cost of living is another result of an industrial progress which tends toward making the economic line of demarcation between the conquered and the conqueror all the greater. Already, after only nine years of occupation, four-fifths of the total of 10,000,000 yen in the Postal Savings Bank belongs to Japanese.[1]

All these circumstances are said by the Japanese to be the temporary and natural outcome of the introduction of machinery into a hand-working land. The same thing happened to every country in Europe. This is true; but, search as we may, it is quite impossible to find out what steps Japan is taking to prevent the catastrophe. It is just at this point, then, that the all-embracing fact of Japanese exploitation enters most promising. When events take their natural course, owing to the competitive self-seeking of commerce, the Government, which is the one regulative agency possessing the prestige and the power to lessen or at least equalize the exploitation, is entirely apathetic toward the claims of all but Japanese. Under a preferential and subsidized system such as this, the argument that the admirable new communications, hotels, afforestation and industries are evidently beneficial to the Korean people, is self-defeated.

One other factor in the educational policy of the Government which must be taken into consideration, and one which will have an increasingly large influence, is that of study in Japan. Every year provision is made to train some Koreans in the mother country. Japan has excellent industrial schools; and the returning students are well equipped to be expert workmen or foremen, and may even hope later on to be managers of factories. This work is of especial help in the mines. Mining is, indeed, with the exception of farming, Korea's greatest industry; yet the Japanese appear to have established no schools which specialize in mining engineering. An explanation may be found in the fact that

[1] Figures obtained from Mr. Yamagata, editor of the *Seoul Press*.

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the majority of these mines are held by European interests, which had a firm title long before Japan secured control of the peninsula. European managers are much more anxious to use as foremen, gangsters or engineers, Koreans who were trained in Japan than are the Japanese themselves, for, as is quite natural, the Japanese capitalists prefer to give employment to their fellow countrymen. As a rule only European and American firms employ foreign-trained Koreans. A significant fact is that the Government now forbids Koreans to study in America or Europe, whether in the fields of commerce, the professions, or industry. It is impossible to secure a passport for such a purpose.

Outside of the Japanese enterprises, the only industrial training in Korea is that offered by the missionaries, who are mostly American. This training is meager, for the missions in Korea have confined themselves largely to the traditional evangelistic, educational, medical, and literary activities. Owing to the concentration in these lines there are probably more Christians in proportion to the population in Korea than in any other large missionary field. Such a condition is especially remarkable, in that Protestant missions have been in Korea for only thirty-six years. Nevertheless, the policy has hindered many splendid services which Christianity might have rendered the people had the missions contrived to broaden out in social and industrial enterprises. The only real industrial mission school is that of the Young Men's Christian Association in Seoul. Others have industrial departments, but these may without exception be reckoned as self-help departments, and not, accurately speaking, as industrial. The graduates, indeed, are for the most part not in industry at all, but in the Christian ministry, in teaching, or in business. The mission schools do not claim to be industrial training-schools, but the departments are maintained in order to give worthy students of both Christian and non-Christian homes an opportunity to receive a liberal education.

The Y. M. C. A. school at Seoul has six departments: Printing and book-binding, soap- and candle-making, machine-shop, wood-work, rattan work, and photography. The school is in a separate building on the grounds of the Association, erected, as was the main building, through the generosity of a philanthropic American. The equipment was partly contributed by several large industrial concerns

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in America, and partly bought out of the small profits of the institution. Students are here trained not only to become expert workmen in the various lines which they may choose, but to become teachers in the industrial departments of the mission schools. The teachers in the Y. M. C. A. school are mostly its own graduates. A scheme of finances is arranged so that, though a small fee is required the first year, a student will have earned enough by his own labors during his entire course to have a profit for himself when he leaves.

Some mission schools, such as the Hugh O'Neill, Jr., Academy at Syenchun, have emphasized the agricultural industries in their self-help departments. A dairy and a piggery are here maintained, and there is instruction in meat-curing, sericulture, and canning. Many boy students support themselves almost entirely by this work. No funds for the management of the industrial department are contributed from outside sources. Each department is self-supporting. The mission school at Songdo is famous for its cloth-weaving, and has a large trade not only in Korea but in China and Japan. The students take a genuine interest in their work, aside from the fact that they are gaining an education thereby.

The Union Korean Christian College, now erecting imposing new buildings at Seoul, is planning to have a modern and well-equipped industrial department in its new plant. The scheme includes a model village, with home training for women students.

Women's work in Korean industries is limited. The Government has done practically nothing in the way of industrial education for them. In Japan, more than 73 per cent of the workers in factories are women; but in Korea, women do practically none of the work. In the mission schools, of course, the girls are satisfied with making such home products as embroidery and crocheting. In several communities, however, this women's work has developed into a real industry, the women securing large remuneration for their work, especially from foreign residents and tourists.

The future of industrial enterprises in Korea depends almost entirely upon the attitude of the Japanese Government. The mines of the country are rich in many kinds of minerals; the numerous fertile valleys are excellent for agri-

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culture; and the hillsides, on which are growing young trees which the government has planted, will, in a few years, make possible an extensive forestry development. Eighty per cent of Korea's workmen are farmers; but with the resources of which Korea is able to boast, and with the incentive supplied by the tremendous energy of the Japanese, this percentage is bound very soon to swing toward manufacturing industries.

That these will be almost entirely controlled by the Japanese seems certain; what they will do with their power is less certain. If they continue to follow the policy of importing Japanese as workmen and to subsidize Japanese firms, the expansion will hardly help the Koreans, who, of course, will continue to be the servant race,—the coolies and the day-laborers. Political pressure will undoubtedly keep the number of strikes, unions, and coöperative enterprises down to a minimum. There will be less and less opportunity for a Korean to rise in the world, or for Koreans as a whole to become capitalists or employers. Financially, the world—including Japan—will be the gainer. For the Koreans themselves, nothing can be seen ahead but long-continued economic exploitation, a change of heart on the part of Japan, or revolution.

RICHARD H. RITTER.

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THE SERVANT AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY

BY EUGENIA WALLACE

THE present generation, at least, has so thoroughly discussed the "servant problem" in clubs, in print, and by the fireside, that the problem should have been settled long ago if discussion really settled anything; but the still departing servant proves that something is lacking from our many attempts at solution, and drives us back to more serious study of cause and effect.

The servant is not the only worker who is deserting. Teachers are leaving the schoolroom by the thousands; "farm hands" are as scarce as the dodo; the visiting seamstress is no more. Why? Because other occupations are proving more attractive—in the matter of hours, wages, opportunities for advancement, and—by no means least—for companionship. Throughout the country, industry is competing for the worker, and any group of employers who would keep their helpers must meet the terms of competition. This the housewife, as a class, has not done—may not, perhaps, see the necessity for doing, until she has made a scientific study of her problem, including her own past attitude toward it.

Let us go back a bit. In 1890, nearly fifty per cent of the self supporting women of the country were in domestic service. Twenty years later the percentage was thirty-two. After that the situation grew worse so rapidly that a group of women (including Mrs. James Cushman, Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., Miss Ida Tarbell, and Miss Henrietta Roelofs), women interested both in the home and in the worker, formed a committee on Household Employment, and set to work to make a thorough and impartial study of the subject by searching out the underlying causes of the trouble.

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The Committee's first discovery was that efforts at betterment had been repeatedly initiated by the workers themselves and by public-spirited organizations, and had always ended in failure; and also that there had been no concerted effort on the part of the housewives.

Before any steps could be taken to stop this very real boycott against one occupation by thousands of workers, it was evident that the workers themselves must be asked "why." To this end it was decided to question four groups: those in domestic service, in stores, in factories, and office workers of the same economic status. Clubs of these workers, in seventeen of the principal cities, from New York to San Francisco, received forms asking identically the same questions. For the most part, they were faithfully answered, and *with surprisingly uniform results.*

These answers showed that, in the opinion of the workers themselves, the domestic servant had three decided advantages over the others in—

Health conditions,
Wages,
Preparation for homes after marriage,

but that in spite of these advantages, hers was the least desirable occupation on account of the five disadvantages of—

Long and uncertain hours (with almost no entirely free Sundays, holidays or evenings)
In consequence of which there was little, if any, opportunity for social life or self development, and
No opportunity for living at home among family and friends;
Servile treatment (a delicate psychological question), and
The social stigma.

The problem having been analyzed, it was stated that these disadvantages could all be removed at the will of the employer.

Has the employer the will to remove them and therefore bring about better conditions? To answer, or partially to answer, this question, it will be necessary to go back again.

About eight years ago, Mrs. C. Hélène Berkeley began experimenting with what she called "home assistants" (eight-hour non-resident workers), in her own home, and

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was so pleased with the results that she gave them to the world in her book, *Wanted—Young Woman to do Housework*. Since then, one progressive housewife after another has followed her plan and found it good, with the result that after the war, when the factory and munition worker refused to return to domestic service, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Henry Patterson, and others, in co-operation with the Central Branch Y. W. C. A. in New York City, formed the "Home Assistant's Committee" and began definitely to recruit workers for those homes that could be organized on the new business-like basis.

Shortly after, another committee, composed of representatives of the United States Employment Service, the Consumer's League, the Woman's City Club, Teacher's College, and the Y. W. C. A., was formed, and under the leadership of Mrs. Richard Boardman, did definite work in co-operation with the United States Employment Service.

An interesting point lies in the fact that both committees felt that the first step to be taken was training of the better-educated women who were to do housework under the new conditions. To this end, definite arrangements were made to have instruction given, in excellent schools, under trained domestic science experts; but the training was not accepted, although it was several times offered without cost. What Miss Roelofs had pointed out in 1915 proved true in 1919—"when the competition is all on the part of the employer for the worker, there is little incentive to train for the work."

The object of both Committees was not only to educate the housewife who wanted to organize her home according to the new plan, and to recruit and help the workers, but also to study the situation carefully to see what was really wise and practical in the new system, and observe the response of both employer and employee.

The response has been extremely interesting, in some cases utterly unexpected. The light of publicity was, quite naturally, thrown upon a move of this sort, with the result that employers, desperate for want of help, flocked to the new Mecca in the hope of finding relief; but the employees were surprisingly indifferent, and the supply so far short of the demand that it was impossible to do much to alleviate the situation.

Of the workers who did come, the majority were a good

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type of home women, about half of them married, who were glad to find the opportunity to do the only work they knew on a part-time basis, or even on full time, *if their evenings were free.* Much to the disappointment of the Committees, very few of the much-desired young girls have responded at all during the two years that have elapsed since the work was undertaken, yet it is generally felt that more and more women, of excellent type, will undertake home assistant's work when *all* the conditions are made satisfactory.

When lack of funds forced the United States Employment Service to curtail its work, the two Committees combined, and very carefully, very slowly, after studying the situation at home and in other centres, have arrived at the following conditions as governing the Home Assistant's plan:

Necessary provisions for employer:

1. Hours limited to eight daily and forty-four weekly, with one whole day and one-half day free each week, alternating Sunday and week-day.
2. Paid vacation on the basis of a minimum of two weeks for each year of service; also legal holidays or equivalent days free with full pay.
3. Wages on a cash basis with any overtime compensated at one and one-half times the ordinary rate. Minimum pay to be based on current minimum wage standards.
4. Last name and title to be used in addressing assistant.

Necessary provisions for employee:

1. She must be ready to perform any work required except *heavy* washing. Shopping, mending, and all other branches of household routine are within her province.
2. References to be given as to character.
3. Working time to be used to the best advantage, with the punctuality and regularity expected in a business office.
4. No food to be taken in employer's home, and carfare to be paid by assistant herself.

It can be seen at once that the successful operation of the new system requires systematic housekeeping, on the schedule plan. An assistant who comes at 7 o'clock in the

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morning and leaves at 4 in the afternoon (or comes at 11 and leaves at 8), must, to accomplish desired results, do systematized work packed within a time and schedule limit. This schedule the housewife herself must work out and control, and, what is more, her household must, to a certain extent, conform to it. To this end it will be necessary to train housewives, who in turn can teach the embryo home assistant. Again and again this suggestion came in from the seventeen cities whose clubs were questionnaired in 1915—"a school for to train ladies to keep house," as one girl unacademically but tersely expressed it. This fact the housewife herself has not yet grasped to any great extent, though some have set resolutely to work in the training classes and have expressed great joy over the results.

Another self-evident fact is that great difficulty lies in the matter of the dinner hour. Where twenty assistants will work from 8 until 5 o'clock, only one will be found willing to take the evening hours. "My family needs me," or "it is the only time my friends are free," is the plea of the worker, while a cry of despair rises from the housewife,—"that is the time of all others when I most want help." The horns of both employer and employee are locked upon this dilemma. Many attempts have been made to solve the difficulty. The training schools were applied to for domestic science students who might be glad to practise on a willing family "for a consideration," but the appeal met with little success. Young business girls, who in theory would have been glad to earn extra money, were found to value their time and freedom even more. In addition to this, it was surprising to find how few knew anything at all about cooking. However, in spite of discouragements, it seems to be the general opinion that the near future will see a solution of this problem, and that before long two things will happen—good, reasonable, cooked food services in our cities and suburbs, and an increasing supply of part-time workers who, as soon as the social stigma is removed, will train for the work that is so much in demand.

The Committee working on the question of the home assistant has been surprised at the readiness with which the employers have accepted the new time basis and their willingness to re-organize their households, though it often means weeks, even months, of the most careful experiment and adjustment before a smoothly running schedule,

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mutually satisfactory, can be accomplished. Some, indeed, exclaim at having to pay a higher wage for "only 8 hours a day," but surprising, astonishing even though it seems, the home assistant, with her eight hours daily, her 52 one and one-half holidays a week, in addition to the ten legal holidays and the two weeks vacation, actually gives the employer 432 more hours a year than the average servant who begins work at 7 A. M. and finishes at 9 or 10 P. M., but whose meals, laundry, room care, rest hours, etc., all come out of the time she is paid for. A good bargain is said to benefit both parties. The employer, under the new plan, gets more service; and the employee, less actual time but far more absolute freedom, which is the thing she really wants.

Why then, one is inclined to ask, should there not be a greater flocking to the work, since the much desired new time basis has been so readily granted? There are several reasons, the first of which is the matter of wages. The questionnaire of 1915 showed that one of the three advantages of the servant lay in the wages, which, since she has no board, room or laundry bills to pay, can be seen at a glance to be better than those of most workers of her class. Although the Home Assistant's Committee does not place women (other than apprentices) at less than the minimum wage ($18 in New York, June, 1920), $18 with which to pay all expenses leaves very little indeed for recreation and savings; so it is quite natural for women to turn to the better paid work of store and factory, with their larger opportunity for advancement.

The housewives are frankly unhappy about it, pleading their inability to pay more, but when "overhead" (room rent, lighting, laundry costs and time), in addition to food, are taken into consideration, it is found that the $18 home assistant is cheaper than the servant who "lives in." Women who employ several have found that there is a very appreciable saving in the monthly budget, this saving sometimes running as high as $100 a month; but until better wages are paid—wages which will balance those of industry—there will be no great supply of the eight-hour home assistants.

This the housewife has not quite grasped. She still hopes against hope for an economic change that will send a supply of workers back to the home. Again and again it

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is said that "as soon as immigration begins, we shall have a plentiful supply of houseworkers." To this the factories, the clothing trades, the milliners, say "No." All over the country, industry is crying for workers. A recent factory survey in greater New York and New Jersey showed the call for women workers to be insistent, and manager after manager said that he advertised continually—in the foreign language papers. Take this one fact as an example: The great Manhattan Trade School trains young girls of fourteen and over (most of them foreigners) for the textile trades. Well-paid positions are clamoring for them as soon as they are able to run a power machine or trim a hat. It is not at all unusual for a girl to be making $60 a week by the time she is twenty, and the opportunities to work up to thousands a year are an incentive to "hold on" and work hard. It is against the manufacturers, you see, that the despairing housewife must bid for immigrant girls.

In one of the Southern States the Housekeepers' Alliance has been pleading with industrial employers to discharge negro girls so that they may again be available as servants, and only recently the head of a large organization, working for better home and working conditions in one of our Northern cities, wrote: "Women there are, of a certain kind, but not the type we want in quantity. We are living in great hopes, however, of some industrial shake-up that will bring fewer 'jobs' to the husbands and a steady working spirit to their wives and sisters."

These, of course, are extreme instances, but they show the perplexity of housewives over the conditions confronting them, for to the majority of "home women" the factory is still a term synonymous with monotony and weary toil, while the home offers freedom of movement and interesting variety of healthful work (as the workers themselves admitted in the questionnaire of 1915). This perplexity is further increased by the fact that their rivals, the trade schools and the manufacturers, have not yet been able to capture those thousands of the most desired of all workers, —the young Americans who flock into office work that all too often pays less than a bare living, and in the matter of wages, holds the intelligent High School girl far behind the servant and the daughter of the immigrant.

It is all a matter of social standing, even more important, in most cases, than wages. The day has passed when home

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women were in one class, and all who worked for a living in another. The office assistant is socially so far above the factory worker that she considers it well worth the loss in wages, while the latter has innumerable advantages denied to the servant. This aspiration to progress is felt more strongly in a democracy than anywhere else, and is the most compelling cause underlying the exodus, first of the native-born American servant, and later of the immigrant.

Let us look the facts squarely in the face. In 1915, all four classes questioned agreed that outside the matter of long hours and their resulting evils, it was "servile treatment" and the "social stigma" that had caused the boycott against household employment. The Committees that have watched this matter so carefully are forced to the same conclusion. As Mrs. Berkeley reminds us, "domestic servant," traced to its derivation, means literally "slave of the household," and from time immemorial this class has stood lowest in the social scale. In America, at least, every other worker has a chance to rise—the office boy to president, the laborer to factory owner, the farmer's lad to statesman; but the servant girl finds it so nearly impossible to outlive the stigma of those first years, that the authorities fear that those still remaining are the last we shall ever have. Certain it is that their children will never follow in their footsteps, and equally certain that the American home must be organized on an entirely different basis if the housewife, like her husband the business man, is to have some one to share her labors, which especially when there are invalids or young children, are often more important and more exhausting than his.

How to organize the home on a new basis is therefore the question that now confronts the American family, and it is evident that this organization must be of a spiritual nature, and not merely a matter of shorter hours, labor-saving devices, and community cooking. "Servile treatment" and the "social stigma" are elusive terms, hard to define, far too often imagined, but very real in their effect upon the characters and lives of those who feel their reactions.

To avoid at least the outer forms of servile treatment, the Home Assistant's Committee have *required* the use of the last name and title and *recommended* that no tips be given, and that the assistant be allowed to enter by the front

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door and dispense with the servant's uniform. It has been astonishing to note the attitude of the employer toward these matters. Progressive women have been quick to see the justice and advisability of these changes, but far too many, quite ready to make the necessary adjustments in hours and wages, have declared their unwillingness to conform to the other conditions.

That the social stigma does exist and is hard to outlive, no one engaged in social work can deny. Rarely are servants found among clubs of young women from the factories and stores, or in evening classes or training schools. The older women, accustomed to these conditions, have adjusted their lives along the old (and sometimes very comfortable) lines, but their generation will pass and no others are coming forward to take their place. The only solution lies in an entirely new attitude on the part of the employer, or, to be more exact, the public, for we must go back to the root of things and place upon housework a value that has not been given to it in the generation we know.

Our great grandmothers looked upon housekeeping as an art, and were respected in the community in proportion to their mastery of it. Their keys were a symbol of authority, and those who worked *with* them,—the daughters of neighbors, and farmer folk,—were as apprentices under skilled leaders. To service under such conditions there attaches no social stigma. But times change, in many respects for the better. The day of laborious housework is fortunately behind us, and to-day the need is for less physical effort and more skill—a knowledge of food values; of up-to-date tools; nicety in service, and wisdom in the care of invalids and children—all service requiring as much ability and training as the average work of store and factory, and entitled to the same respect. When the employing public (the housewife and her family) realize this, it will result in a change of feeling that will, inevitably and for the most part unconsciously, do away forever with the "servile treatment" of which so many complain.

It will not be realized, however, until there is a change of feeling on the part of the housewife herself, who must respect her work if others are also to respect it. At present she is in an anomalous position. Even the Government was in such doubt as to her status that there was considerable debate as to whether she was to be listed among those "gain-

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fully occupied" in the 1920 census. In 1910 (when housekeeping did not appear in the report either as a profession or as an occupation) it is estimated that there were about twenty million housewives in the United States. Yet the number of women *trained* for this "occupation" is so small as to be almost negligible; so there is little wonder that it is not looked upon as a skilled occupation, and is failing to interest both the employer and the paid worker.

There are, however, hopeful signs on the horizon,—those signs that usually appear when things have reached their worst, and have "touched bottom." One of these is the number of domestic science training schools (usually devoted to institutional work) that are now forming classes for housewives and offering them attractive courses not only in cookery, but in food values and scientific household management. A few of these newly trained housewives are so enthusiastic about the light thrown on their problem that they are eager to have their assistants take the training also. When the employer sees the possibilities in her work, the opportunities for scientific management, for time and labor saving, for true home making and conservation of health and leisure, and when she respects it accordingly, she will respect the women who are capable of doing it for her. Then, and then only, will both employer and employee bring to their work that spirit that dignifies any honorable occupation, and raises the worker to a higher place in the social scale.

The term "master" has entirely disappeared from the business world, and its equivalent "mistress" must go from the home, along with "maid" and "servant," and many other little things, small in themselves, but gall and wormwood to self-respecting Americans. It has been interesting to note some of the *little* reasons given by women for their dislike of what they term the "servile treatment" of domestic service. The use of the Christian name, especially by the young people, is the first; the having to take off rubber shoes and perform personal services for the men of the family is another. Standing while the mistress talks to them, especially if she is a much younger woman, and the constant "yes, madame" and "no, madame" trouble others; but it must be said, in justice to American housewives, that the majority have not been very insistent about such matters, when it was evident that they hurt, though the

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intention to be kind has often, no doubt, been affected by the consciousness of social difference,—a consciousness that the business man does not feel in his dealings with his assistants. In his *American Manners,* Brander Mathews says that "it was a queen, Carmen Sylva, who declared that 'princes are brought up to be affable to every man, and every man should be brought up like a prince'." Then he reminds us that "until every man is brought up like a prince, affability may take on the less agreeable disguise of condescension; and, as Robert Louis Stevenson shrewdly remarked, 'the pleasures of condescension are strangely one-sided.'"

The American people are not much given to old-form condescension, but even its newer phases are giving way before the spirit of equality which, especially since the war, has so strongly impregnated the atmosphere. The "welfare worker" is fast being supplanted by the "industrial relations manager," and the steady call for "industrial democracy" is coming from workingmen throughout the country.

So too, is the longing for independence and the new democracy—not only longing, but determination to bring about conditions that shall make their work itself respected and their own standing in the community far better than it has ever been. With that spirit stirring the very souls of millions of men, is it reasonable to believe that their women will go on in the old way, untouched by the fire that is consuming the last of the old feudal traditions that still survive in a world that has fought and bled and lost ten million men within a decade—men from whose graves there will inevitably rise a new spirit that will sway the world? It will depend upon the women of the country (full citizens now for the first time in all history), quite as much as upon the men, to guide that spirit safely to the heights of the true democracy of which the world has always dreamed, and though some old and dear traditions must of necessity be left behind, will their loss not be more than compensated by the durable satisfactions, the far-reaching good, of the new order?

EUGENIA WALLACE.

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HYLAS

(THEOCRITUS, IDYLL XIII)

BY HERVEY ALLEN

Where art thou, Hylas,
Of the golden locks?
Where art thou, Argive lad,
That fed thy flocks
In wind swept Thessaly,
Beside the sea?
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas—Alas!

I

When the pleiads rose no more
Rowed the heroes to the shore,
Much in fear of winter gales,
And they furled the winglike sails,
Carrying up the corded bales
From the hollow, oaken Argo
Till they lightened her of cargo.
Then they beached her for the winter
Where nor rocks nor waves could splinter.
There the heroes made their camp
By the whispering seashore damp,
But the mighty Herakles,
Tired of looking at the seas,
Rose and left those sounding beaches
For the upland's wind swept reaches.

In a little beechwood gray
Hylas fed his flock that day,
Playing all alone, but gayly,
Where he fed his lambkins daily,
Singing to a five stringed psalter
By a little woodland altar,
Where a shepherd's fire of oak
Made a ribbon scarf of smoke,
Curling highly, thinly, bluely,
From the faggots cut but newly.
Moving with a god-like ease,
Through the gray boles of the trees,

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Hylas first saw Herakles,
Looming vast as huge Orion,
Tawny in his skin of lion;
While through interspace of leaves,
Through the network autumn weaves,
Fell bronze sunshine and bronze leaves
On the lion skin with its paws,
Dangling, fringed with crescent claws.

Softly all the flock were bleating
As he gave the lad good greeting,
Rubbing down with leaves the club,
Thick as thickest chariot hub—
Hylas stood with golden locks,
Glowing 'mid the lichened rocks,
Laughing in the silver beeches,
White as milk and tanned like peaches.
Then the hero loved the lad
For his beauty made him glad,
And he took him on his knees;
Tender was huge Herakles,
Telling him of strange journeys
To the far Hesperides,
Crossing oceans in a bowl,
Till he won him heart and soul.

So these two were friends, forever,
Never seen apart, together
Were they all that winter weather.
And the hero taught the youth
How to shoot and tell the truth,
How to drive a furrow straight,
Plowing, plowing very early
When the frosty grass was curly—
Taught him how to play the lyre,
Till each wire and wire and wire
Sang together like a choir.
And at night young Hylas crept
In the lion skin where he slept,
Where the lowing oxen team
Stood beneath the smoky beam,
Slept beside the hero clipt
By the giant, downy lipped.

Centuries have fled away
Since the hero came that day
To the little beechwood gray
Where young Hylas was at play.
But I shall, as poets may,
Wreathe these roses for his head,
For his beauty is not dead.

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And a voice has sung to me,
Sung this ancient threnody,
Like a memory of the sea,
Like an autumn melody,
"Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!"

II

When the springtime came again
And the shepherd to his spen
Led his cloudy flock again,
When the awkward lambkins bounded
While the twin pipes whistling sounded,
And old Charon from his glen
Saw below the smoke of men,
Curling thinly from the trees,
Then the heroes sought the seas.
Then the Argo left the shore,
For the eager warriors thought,
When the pleiads rose once more,
Of the golden fleece they sought.

Hylas went with Herakles,
Dancing to the dancing seas,
And he stood high in the bow,
Golden by the carven prow,
Or he lay within the furls
With the sea damps on his curls.
But at home his mother wept
With her long hair on the floor,
By the hearth where he had slept,
For her woman's heart was sore;
Saying, "He is gone from me!
Gone across the sounding sea!
Ai! Ai! Woe is me!
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!"

With the soft south wind to follow
All the day the sail was hollow,
While the marvelous Orpheus sang,
Till the water furrows rang—
Never man sang as he sang—
Never man has sung the same—
And the ship flew till they came
Where the olive trees are gaunt
By the winding Hellespont,
And the Cian oxen wear
Water bright the bronze plowshare.

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On a fallow meadow hollow,
Where the Cian cattle wallow,
There they landed two by two;
They the grass and rushes strew
For their bed,
Leaves and pointed flag stocks callow,
Foot and head.
And the evening coming on
Herakles and Telamon
Set the supper fires upleaping
And the shadows swooping, sweeping
Overhead.
Meanwhile, Hylas with a vase
Wandered inland for a ways,
Hoping there to fill his bronze,
Girt about with little fawns,
Polishèd.
And around and twice around it,
Where an inwrought girdle bound it,
Fled the rout of chaste Diana,
Goddess led.

Inland in a cup-shaped vale
Willow swart and galingale
Grew with swallow wart, and sparsley,
Maiden hair and blooming parsley.
And the shallow's level glass
Mirrored back the yellow grass
Where the swallow dipped his wings,
Making rings on rings in rings.
There a nymph dance was afoot
Where the country people put
Cloth and oaten cakes and bread
For the water spirits dread—
Two and two and in and out,
Three and two, around about,
Hands around, and then they vanished,
Leaving Hylas there astonished.

But at last he stooped to dip
And the eager water slipped,
Stuttering past the metal lip,
Choking like a sunk bell rung—
Suddenly white nymph hands clung
Cold as iron about his arm
Till he cried out in alarm.
Gave a little, silver cry
And the swallow skimming nigh
Darted higher in the sky,
And the echo when he spoke—
Awoke.

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Now the white hands tighter cling,
Now the funneled water ring
Fills and flows till in its glass
Nods again the nodding grass.
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!

Then it was that Herakles,
For his Hylas ill at ease,
Left the heroes by the fire,
Strung his bowstring taut as wire,
Went to look for Hylas inland,
Past a little, rocky headland,
Rising higher ever higher.
Till he found the cup-shaped vale,
Where he called without avail,
Shouting loudly, "Hylas, Hylas,"
Echo answered back, "Alas,"
Echo answered very slowly,
Speaking sorrowfully and lowly,
When he called the lad, "Hy-*las,*"
Hollow echo said, "Alas."

But he never found him more
On the hill or by the shore,
On the upland, on the downland,
Never found him where he lay
Down among the boulders gray,
Limp among the watery rocks
Where the lily raised its chalice
And the dread nymphs combed his locks,
Pale Nycheia, April-eyed,
And white Eunice and Malis.
For his voice came down to these
Vague as April through the trees,
Filtered through the water clear,
Very faint but strangely near,
Very thin—
And no echo could they hear,
Only ripples' silver din
And the dull splash of an otter;
Echo cannot live in water.

But that echo comes to me
Down through half eternity,
Crying out, "Alas! Alas!"
For all beauty that must pass
Like a picture from a glass—
When Time breathes it is not there—
Bony hands and coffined hair!
Alas! Alas! Alas!

—Hervey Allen.

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FOREBODING

HORTENSE FLEXNER

There is an ache close to the heart of things
  This night, and tears are in the air,
A lurking heaviness the far wind brings,
  And blows across the grayness of the square.
I do not know—tomorrow will be May,
  And yet there is no song, no whispering mirth,
Only a burden left behind the day,
  A shadow fallen dimly on the earth.
Is it that Spring, out-done with flowers and light,
  Has flung herself upon the grass to rest,
And dreamed, as I, of drouth and storm and blight
  On growing things—her gift with fruit unblest,
And waking in the dusk from this strange sleep,
Found in her laughing heart mad tears to weep?

A THOUGHT AFTER TAPS

S. FOSTER DAMON

When we were smiling in our last goodbyes,
  I hid your handkerchief deep in my coat;
  And then a sudden sickness in my throat
Swept over me, a swift, complete surprise.
That was the first time that I saw your eyes,
  The first time that I felt their tender note
  Making the entire world grow dim, remote;
And in my breast it seemed like star-rise.

I feel you still, a firm, strong tremulo,
  Such as the trees feel in the early spring
When the sap drips from the snapped boughs into the snow;
  While I am to you no more than an old tune
Five years worn-out, whose still familiar swing
  Faintly recalls some evening under the moon.

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JOHN MASEFIELD: A STUDY

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE two most justly celebrated poets in England today are John Masefield and Thomas Hardy. Masefield is equally well known in America as in England; but Hardy still has to conquer the American public for his poetry. And indeed it is only natural that the American public should have been so much more readily attracted to the younger and lesser writer. Something in the crude, rough vigour of the style, something in the strong command over intense, rapid narrative, something in the restless, adventurous, exploring temper of the man himself, has made of Masefield an appealing figure to most Americans. We are too young as a nation, too restless and heterogeneous as a people, too romantically unsettled in our convictions, to be able to appreciate Hardy's classic fatalism, his pagan sense of the dependence of man upon nature, his tragic detachment and sympathy. We prefer the poet who recalls in our own day the romantic freshness of Chaucer, to the brooding, patient, tireless craftsman who recalls Aeschylus and the middle period of Shakespeare. Yet though it is possible to think of Hardy alone, it is impossible for those who have read both poets to think of Masefield without reference, expressed or unconscious, to Hardy.

John Masefield is a poet who has already passed through two well-defined periods of development. There is the early Masefield, the poet of *Salt-Water Ballads, The Everlasting Mercy, Dauber, Biography.* There is the more mature, more philosophical, questioning and brooding later Masefield, the poet who has largely developed since the war, the writer of the *Sonnets,* of *August, 1914,* of the poems in *Lollingdon Downs.* In the early phase Masefield was altogether the romantic realist, the rediscoverer of a type of a poetry practically lost to English literature since the days of Chaucer. An exaltation of crude

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physical vigor, a crude, religious ecstasy, a surging sweep of narrative, immense vividness of descriptive writing, an almost melodramatic passion for the violent and the vulgar sides of life, marked this early phase. In the later phase, came a deepening sense of fatalistic tragedy, a sombre, darker skepticism; a heart-searching appeal for the beautiful, a quieter and more developed technic. One felt somehow that the war had broadened the poet's character, had developed him in many directions which he himself had been the last man to suspect possible. One looked forward with wider hope to the appearance of works showing a more rich and various imagination, once the immediate pressure of the war was relieved.

Since the war, Masefield has published two volumes, in such rapid succession that the critics have scarcely had time to deal completely with either, and I believe that I am right in saying that no parallel handling of both has as yet been attempted. *Reynard the Fox,* the earlier of these two, is, on the face of it, the apotheosis of the early narrative style. One almost suspects it of being an early poem, rehandled perhaps;—in *Lollingdon Downs* there is a short fragment about a fox which reads like the rejected variant of one of its pages. It certainly reveals a wider mastery and maturity than any other of the narratives which Masefield has written. The burst of exultation at the close of *The Everlasting Mercy,* the description of rounding Cape Horn in *Dauber,* must yield place to the pictorial sweep, the concentrated drama, the knowledge and appreciation of animal psychology, which fill the entire second part of this poem. Here the later Masefield has triumphantly given place to the earlier; the description of the hunt itself, never before attempted on such a scale in English literature, is a triumph. It is interesting to note that the poet's sympathies are rather with the hunted than with the hunters; the fox is not only allowed to escape at the close, but we are given a clear picture of all that went on in his brain during those tense hours of adventure and tragedy. Had Hardy treated the theme, we feel certain that the centre of interest would have been reversed, and the sense of human, as opposed to animal nature, been given greater prominence.

When we turn from *Reynard* to *Enslaved,* the poem which stands at the head of Masefield's latest volume, we

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are struck with a certain amount of bewilderment. *Enslaved* is, like *Rosas,* essentially a reversion to a more primitive type of romantic poetry than that contained in *The Everlasting Mercy,* in *Dauber* and in *Reynard.* Here we have no longer romantic realism, but picture-book, swashbuckling adventure of the sort that delighted our boyhood. If a parallel is to be found in the poet's own work, one may recall some novels Masefield has written: *Captain Margaret, Lost Adventure, Martin Hyde. Enslaved* is another tale of wild and lawless adventure, carried up to the verge of tragedy, saved from tragedy by an almost miraculous interposition of Providence, and, like the tales I have mentioned, essentially unconvincing. The skill displayed in the descriptive passages is very great; but the subject-matter itself covers no new ground, nor is it sufficiently strong in itself to hold up the wealth of detail lavished upon it. Except for the passages describing the escape from the quarry, and the scene in the apartment where the women captives are confined, this poem is one of Masefield's failures.

The rest of the volume contains entirely the later Masefield, and is, so far, the most complete vindication of the direction in which he is likely to travel in the future. *The Hounds of Hell,* the second poem in the volume, is a full-length ballad constructed out of the familiar fragment in *King Lear,* about St. Withold and the nightmare. It is decidedly a fine ballad, far more akin in spirit to the finest of the old English ballads, than Wilde's overrated *Ballad of Reading Gaol* or Swinburne's deliberatively imitative *Border Ballads.* It recalls largely Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner,* and like that poem, it gains its effect through the employment of supernatural machinery, and through its insistence upon a note of weirdness and horror. This last is almost a new note for Masefield. It was attempted before with small success in *The Daffodil Fields,* but here it dominates the poem. And the result is an impressive work, direct and vivid in transparent simplicity, and unmarred by didacticism. *The Hounds of Hell,* if not so supremely great in imaginative originality as *The Ancient Mariner,* is at least worthy of a place beside it. I cannot say more.

But even more interesting than this ballad to those few, among whom I count myself, who demand that every great poet give us the concentrated quintessential fruit of his life-

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experience, are the poems entitled *Sonnets, The Lemmings,* and *On Growing Old.* Here Masefield speaks with the ageless voice of maturity, of that maturity which is at once a tragic burden of knowledge, and yet an unsurpassable and indestructible treasure-house of beauty. To some these poems may sound like a definite farewell to the world, but I feel that it is not so, and that Masefield will write even greater poems than he has already written. He has only exchanged the fierce exultant enthusiasm of youth and young manhood for the penetrating wisdom of middle-age. To be able to say, once and for all, "Be with me, beauty, for the fire is dying," is to state in a phrase the full significance of the past and to hold forth a lonely torch of hope for the future.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYWRITING

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WE have no right to expect that a creator of art should be also a critic of art. He is a creator because he can create, because he can paint a picture, model a statue, tell a story in action on the stage or delineate character in narrative; and he needs only enough of the critical faculty to enable him to achieve the obligatory self-criticism, without which he may go astray. If he is a born story-teller, for instance, he may tell stories by native gift, almost without taking thought as to how he does it; and even if he does it very well, he may be an artist in spite of himself, so to speak. He may achieve his effects without analyzing his processes, —perhaps without understanding them or even perceiving them. His methods are intuitive rather than rational; they are personal to him; and he cannot impart them to others.

He may, in fact, misconceive his own effort and see himself in a false light, sincerely believing that he is doing his work in one way when he is really doing it in another. Zola, for one, was entirely at fault in the opinion he held about his own novels; he was so uncritical that he supposed himself to be a Realist, avid of facts, whereas he was unmistakably a Romanticist planning epic edifices symmetrical and fantastic, and forcing the facts he diligently sought for to fit as best they could into the structure of the dream-dwelling he was building. Zola was a tireless worker, dowered with constructive imagination, but he was not more intelligent than the average man; and he was distinctly deficient in critical insight as was swiftly disclosed when he ventured to discuss the principles of novel-writing and the practices of his fellow-craftsmen.

But there are artists, and not a few, who are keenly intelligent and who are able to philosophize about their calling; and whenever they are moved to talk about the technic of their several arts we shall do well to listen that we may

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learn. We can make our profit from what Horace and Wordsworth have to say about poetry and from what Pope and Poe have to say about versification. We can gain enlightenment from the remarks of Reynolds and Fromentin and Lafarge on painting and from the remarks of Fielding and Scott, Howells and Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson about fiction. We must, of course, make our allowances in each case for the personal equation and for the predilection the artist-critic is likely to possess for the special school of art to which he himself belongs,—and also for the forgivable intolerance he sometimes reveals toward those who are attached to other schools.

When the artist who is also a critic addresses the public, he has his eyes directed, more often than not, particularly to his fellow practitioners. Thus it is that he tends to deal more especially with technic and to talk about the processes of the craft and about the best method of achieving needed effects. Nor is this to be deplored, since we need all the information we can get about technic to enable us to appreciate his accomplishment,—and who can supply this information so satisfactorily as the artist himself? There may be other points of view than the artist's; there is that of the public, for one; but the artist's must ever be the most significant; and what it is we can learn only from him. He at least has practised what he is preaching; and this fact gives a certain validity to his discourse.

It is a misfortune for a critic when he has lacked opportunity to get intimate with the art he has undertaken to analyze; and in default of this intimacy he can hardly help developing into a mere theorist, borrowing from the theorists who had preceded him along the misleading path, and who, like him, had been forced to grope in vacant darkness. When Horace in his time, Sidney in his and Castelvetro and Minturno in theirs, essay to lay down laws for the drama we discover at once that they have no knowledge of any actual theater, that they are totally devoid of that intimacy with the stage which sustained and nourished the criticism of Aristotle and of Lessing. There was no living drama in Rome when Horace wrote about the playwright's art; there was no living drama in Italy when Castelvetro and Minturno and the rest of the supersubtle Italian critics were proffering themselves as pedagogues for all intending playwrights; and in England when Sidney

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defended poetry the drama was just about to be born. So far as we know neither Horace nor Sidney, Castelvetro nor Minturno, ever had occasion to see a good play well acted before an audience ready to respond to its emotional and intellectual appeal.

Even in this twentieth century there are critics not a few who persist in dealing with the drama as literature only, deliberately ignoring its necessary connection with the theater, with the playhouse where only it discloses its full power, with the players who represent it, and with the playgoers for whose high pleasure it exists. This is a wilful error, which vitiates only too many estimates of the masters of tragedy and comedy, Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Molière. Perhaps the best corrective is a consideration of the utterances of the dramatists who have discussed the principles of playmaking. Here we may find light, even if it is sometimes accompanied by more or less heat.

The list of the dramatists who have been tempted to talk about the drama as an art is long,—far longer indeed than is suspected by those who have never sought to seek them out. It includes Lope de Vega, Ben Jonson and Dryden, Corneille and Molière, Goethe, Lessing and Grillparzer, Voltaire and Goldoni, Victor Hugo and the two Dumas, Ernest Legouvé and Jules Lemaitre, Bronson Howard and William Gillette, Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. These are all the names of professional playwrights whose dramas, comic and tragic, survived the ordeal by fire in the theater. Yet it may be well to point out that they divide themselves into two groups, putting into the first those who were critics by profession and whose reputation is due rather to their critical acumen than to their playmaking skill, Ben Jonson and Dryden, Lessing and Jules Lemaitre, and setting apart those who were critics only on occasion, their fame being based on their plays—Lope de Vega, Corneille and Molière, Grillparzer and Pinero, to name only a few. It is from these latter that we have a right to expect the most significant statements.

II

The first thing we discover when we compare the opinions of the professional playwrights is that they agree in accepting the judgment of the audience as decisive and

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final. As their plays were composed for the delight of the spectators, they all feel that they are bound to accept the verdict rendered in the theater. They know better than any one else how vain is the hope of an appeal to any other tribunal. They were seeking success on the stage, not in the study; they desired to arouse and retain the interest of their own contemporaries in their own country. They gave no thought to posterity or to foreign nations. They recognized that they had no right to complain if they could not win over the jury by which they had chosen to be tried. In so far as the dramatists have expressed their opinion on this point they are unanimous.

In Professor William Lyon Phelps' lively little book, *The Twentieth Century Theater,* he has told us about an unnamed author, who "profoundly influenced not only the stage but also modern thought" and who nevertheless maintained that the "true dramatist must not think of the box office while he is writing his plays. He must express himself, which is the only reason for writing at all. If what he writes happens to be financially successful, so much the better. But he must not think of popular success while at work." We cannot doubt the sincerity of these sentiments, since Professor Phelps frankly informs us that the majority of this author's pieces "have been failures on the stage."

The practice of this unnamed author is in sharp opposition to that of Shakespeare and Molière, who were shrewd men of business, both of them and who had each of them, a keen eye to the main chance. Shakespeare was susceptible to every veering shift in popular taste, giving the public sex-plays, *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well That Ends Well,* when other playwrights had stimulated the taste for that type of piece, and following in the footsteps of Beaumont and Fletcher after these collaborators had won the favor of playgoers with their more or less spectacular dramatic-romances. Molière made haste to bolster the bill with a robust farce when the box-office receipts revealed to him that the *Misanthrope* was not financially successful. Goethe displayed his customary insight when he told Eckermann that the greatest of English dramatists and the greatest of French dramatists, "wished, above all things, to make money by their theaters."

This wish of theirs did not interfere with the ability of

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Shakespeare and of Molière "to express himself." Of course, the dramatic poet desires to express himself; but if he is a born playwright, he never thinks of trying to express himself except in conformity to the conditions of the dramatic art, with its triple dependence on the playhouse itself, the players and the playgoers. Professor Phelps's unnamed author may have "profoundly influenced" both the stage and modern thought, but he was not a born playwright or he would have ever had "popular success" in mind while he was at work. If he did not value the winning of the suffrages of his constituents, why did he present himself at the polls? There are abundant facilities for self-expression in the novel and in the lyric. In the drama self-expression must take thought of the public, of its likes and its dislikes, of its many-headedness and of the variety of its tastes.

The opinions enunciated by this unnamed author are contrary to the practice of Shakespeare and Molière, and they are also contrary to the precepts of Lope de Vega and Corneille, who also profoundly influenced the stage, and also influenced what in their own day was "modern thought." Lope de Vega paid lip-service to the Italian theorists of the theater, regretting only that the playwrights who worked according to their precepts died "without fame and guerdon." Then he tells us (with his tongue in his cheek) that "when I have to write a play I lock in the precepts with six keys . . . and I write in accordance with that art which they devised who aspired to the applause of the crowd, for since the crowd pays for the plays, it is fitting to talk foolishly to it to satisfy its taste." Less than a quarter of a century later Corneille said almost exactly the same thing, perhaps sadly but certainly not ironically: "Since we write plays to be performed, our first object is to please the court and the people, and to attract many to the performances. We must, if we can, obey the precepts, so as not to displease the learned and to receive unanimous applause; but above all we must win the vote of the people." And Molière less than thirty years later is equally plain-spoken: "I am willing to trust the decision of the multitude, and I hold it as difficult to combat a work which the public approves as to defend one which it condemns."

It may be noted that Corneille desired to gain, if pos-

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sible, the good opinion of the learned, while he held it essential to gain that of the crowd. The younger Dumas once imagined his father replying to those who had asked him if he would not be satisfied if he had achieved the commendation of the best judges only: "No, the approbation of these judges would not amply indemnify me for the coldness of the others, because the drama, which appeals to the many, cannot be satisfied with the approval of the few." In putting this opinion into the mouth of the elder Dumas, his son was but expressing the belief of every successful playwright who has been moved to discuss the art of the drama; and it may be well to recall the fact that in their own day all the great dramatists were only successful playwrights, their popularity being beyond question even if their greatness was still in doubt.

III

There are other beliefs of the successful playwrights, perhaps not so unanimously expressed, yet widely held. One of them is that the playwright, like the poet, is born and not made. The younger Dumas declared that a man "may become a painter, a sculptor, even a musician, by study—but not a playwright. . . . It is a freak of nature, which has constructed the vision as to enable him to see things in a certain way." He added that this very rare faculty is revealed in the first attempt at play-writing, however unambitious this juvenile effort may be. Goethe had said almost the same thing, asserting that "writing for the stage is something peculiar. . . . It is a craft which one must understand and it requires a talent which one must possess." In other words, the playwright, like the poet again, must be born, and he must be made also, after he is born, since he needs to master the technic of the trade.

On another occasion Goethe spoke of the prolixity of Schiller's earlier pieces, a fault which Schiller was never quite able to overcome. Goethe commented that it "is more difficult than is imagined to control a subject properly, to keep it from overpowering one, and to concentrate one's attention on that alone which is absolutely essential." The younger Dumas, who always knew what he was driving at, declared that the first qualification of the accom-

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plished dramatist was logic, which "must be implacable from beginning to end. . . . The playwright must unfailingly place before the spectator that part of the being or thing for or against which he wishes to draw a conclusion."

Sir Arthur Pinero agrees with Dumas in holding that "dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study and generally by long practice. For theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters, not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theater." This theatrical talent has to be exercised within the limits of the theater as this exists at the time when the dramatist lives. The principles of playmaking are eternal, no doubt, but the practices of playmaking are modified by the constantly changing conditions of the stage.

Pinero likens the art of the drama to the art of war, the permanent principles of playmaking to strategy, and its variable principles to tactics. Strategy is today what is was yesterday; and it was succinctly defined during our Civil War by General Forrest, when he said it consisted in "getting there first with the most men"—that is to say in gaining an advantageous position for yourself, and putting the enemy in a disadvantageous position. It is therefore unchanging in its essential elements, Joffre and Foch profitting by the example of Napoleon and Caesar, Hannibal and Alexander. But tactics are in incessant modification, as the soldier has new implements put in his hands by the inventions of the ages, gunpowder unhorsing the man in armor, and tanks taking the place of elephants. While the strategy of the drama is constant, its tactics "are always changing." So Pinero has put it; and "every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation."

The strategy of Shakespeare is that of Sophocles, of Ibsen that of Molière, even if the later men did not recognize

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their own obedience to the laws which had governed the earlier. The tactics of Sophocles were diametrically opposed to those of Shakespeare, because the Greek dramatist built his massive plays to conform to the conditions of the immense open air theater of Athens with its extraordinarily intelligent spectators, whereas the English dramatist had to adjust his pieces, comic and tragic, to the bare platform of the half-timbered London playhouse with its gallants seated on the stage and its rude and turbulent groundlings standing in the unroofed yard. So the tactics of Molière and Ibsen are strangely unlike, the French author fitting his comedies to a long, narrow theater, dimly lighted by candles, with the courtiers accommodated on benches just behind the curtain and with the well-to-do burghers of Paris making up the bulk of the audience, while the stern Scandinavian found his profit in the modern picture-frame stage, with its realistic sets and with its spectators comfortably seated in front of the curtain. Each of the four followed the tradition of his own time and place; and each in turn made the best of the theatrical conditions which confronted him. But however much they may differ in practice, in tactics, they worked in accord with the same principles, and employed the same strategy.

Bronson Howard admitted that Aeschylus "taught the future world the art of writing a play" but he "did not create the laws of dramatic construction. Those laws exist in the passions and sympathies of the human race." A little later in the same address, Bronson Howard declared that the laws of dramatic construction "bear about the same relation to human character and human sympathies as the laws of nature bear to the material universe." In other words, the drama is what it is, what it always has been, what it always will be, because human nature is what it is and was and will be. And this brings us back to the inexorable fact that the eternally dominating element in the theater is the audience. "The dramatist," so Bronson Howard reminded us, "must remember that his work cannot, like that of the novelist or the poet, pick out the hearts, here and there, that happen to be in sympathy with its subject. He appeals to a thousand hearts at the same moment; he has no choice in the matter; he must do this." That is to say the drama is immitigably "a function of the crowd," as Mr. Walkley has called it.

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Finally, Bronson Howard pointed out that there was no great difficulty in obeying the laws of dramatic construction, even if it may be impossible to declare them with precision. "Be honest and sincere" in using "your common sense in the study of your own and other people's emotions. . . . The public will be your jury. That public often condescends to be trifled with by mere tricksters, but, believe me, it is only a condescension, and very contemptuous. In the long run, the public will judge you, and respect you, according to your artistic sincerity."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The Equal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution, first urged by Susan B. Anthony half a century ago, was at last completely ratified and validated by the action of the Tennessee Legislature and immediately became a part of the "supreme law of the land," superseding or annulling all State constitutions or laws and judicial decisions to the contrary. The effect of this enormous expansion of the electorate remains to be fully seen, but judging from the result in the New Hampshire primaries it is to be awaited with equanimity and confidence.

At the end of the Civil War there was much favorable comment upon the expedition and facility with which an army of a million men was disbanded and returned to civil life. But a few weeks ago we saw the complete demobilization and demolition of an army of more than three and a half millions, passing as a scarcely noticed minor item of the day's news. The incident was in itself gratifying, as proof of the essentially non-militaristic disposition of the American people. It was unspeakably deplorable in its reminder of the unprecedented breach of faith of which the Administration has been guilty toward that army. We refer to the failure to do the promised work of vocational education and of restoration of injured men to self-supporting efficiency. A numerous Government staff was organized at great expense for doing that work, which devoted its energies chiefly to repelling worthy applicants and to drawing for its own salaries the funds intended for the benefit of veterans. The result is that the legendary fate of Belisarius is realized and repeated ten thousand times in real life. The fault lies, of course, with the Administration, since the President under a special law, was invested with plenary

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power in the matter, and power predicates commensurate responsibility.

The Department of Labor reports that there are about eight million unnaturalized aliens in this country, and asks the Legislatures of half the States to enact laws calculated to facilitate and to promote their naturalization. We are told that sixty per cent of them are desirous of becoming citizens, but are prevented from doing so by various technical conditions, chiefly their own illiteracy. Twenty-five per cent more are restrained from naturalization by ignorance of its methods, by superstition, and by the fact that they have relatives or property in the old country, and do not wish even to seem to alienate themselves therefrom. That leaves an insignificant fraction of the whole number actually opposed, *per se,* to naturalization. It is impossible to approve or to condone a system or practices through which it was possible to accumulate so vast a number of unnaturalized aliens in this country, and the abatement of the evil is urgently to be desired. Yet it would not be well to take so vast a mass of illiterate aliens at once into our citizenship. It will be worth while—it is incumbent upon them—for the various States to make earnest efforts, even at great expense, to educate the strangers within their gates at least sufficiently to enable them to gain some rudimentary knowledge of the rights and privileges of American citizenship and of the American political, industrial and social systems; and it will be best to wait until considerable progress has been made in that direction before making any omnium gatherum of aliens into citizenship.

The British Government has adopted an admirable method of utilizing the equipments of war for the service of peace. A number of its warships, largely obsolete for fighting purposes but fully efficient in all other respects, are being assigned to the uses of the Ministry of Agriculture, to be used as floating laboratories for the study of the formidable "foot and mouth disease" and the discovery, if possible, of a certain preventive or cure for it. These floating laboratories will not only be as perfectly equipped as any on shore could be, but also will have this immense additional advantage of being so isolated as to avoid any possible

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danger of spreading the disease by contagion or even—it is conceivable—by air-borne infection. It will not, of course, be the first time that militant agencies have thus been employed for the welfare of humanity. While it was a civilian who first enunciated the theory of the insectile propagation of yellow fever, it was the United States Army that, at deadly risk and indeed at actual cost of precious life, demonstrated to the world the correctness of that theory and put it into effective practice. They were military men, also, who similarly dealt with the protean plagues of "malaria." The services of the navies of the world in exploration and survey and investigation have added immeasurably to the sum of profitable human knowledge of the world, while in the charting of reefs and destruction of derelicts they have made safe the highways of the Seven Seas for peaceful commerce. In now grappling with one of the most elusive and destructive of animal maladies, the economic cost of which to the world is enormous, a new and not insignificant item will be added to that fine record.

After Admiral Kolchak and General Denikine, Baron Wrangel; aiming to win where they were beaten. The bearer of an illustrious name, he commands sympathy by his methods rather than by his lineage. The fundamental principle of his campaign against Bolshevism in Southern Russia appears to be that of self determination for the people. We hear of no flamboyant schemes of extensive conquest, but merely of the redemption of those who desire it from Soviet despotism and the endowment of all behind his lines with the fullest measure of democratic rule. Such a campaign rests upon a substantial basis and deserves success. It may be the part of prudence and of wisdom thus to let Russians work out their own salvation, since any intervention might arouse suspicion and resentment and actually strengthen the hands of the Bolshevist tyrants. But there should be no objection whatever to recognition of accomplished facts. When Baron Wrangel wins the independence of a considerable region and establishes in it a government founded upon the will of the people and capable of performing the essential functions of a government, it will be fitting and indeed a moral duty to give it recognition. We are not, of course, to take advantage of the chaotic con-

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dition of Russia to promote the partition or dissolution of that empire; but neither are we legally or morally bound to raise a hand or to speak a word to protect it from such partition or such revolution as its own people may desire. We must remember that our own Government was founded upon a revolution.

One of the strangest of political turn-overs is occurring in Cuba, where a general election for a new President and Congress is about to occur. Senor Montalvo, who was nominated for President by the Conservatives, the present Administration party, has retired from the race, for reasons doubtless appreciated at par value by himself, and in his place Dr. Alfredo Zayas has been selected. Now Dr. Zayas has always been an aggressive Liberal leader, and figured very conspicuously in at least one formidable attempt at revolution. He was the right-hand coadjutor and spokesman of José Miguel Gomez in the great treason which, with inexplicable American acquiescence, expelled Tomas Estrada Palma from the Presidency and caused a second period of American occupation, followed by the unfragrant administration of President Gomez. After that Dr. Zayas and General Gomez quarreled, over the spoils, and each of them became the leader of a faction of the dissevered Liberal party, the Zayistas being probably more numerous and more influential than the Miguelistas. Now Dr. Zayas becomes the candidate not only of the Zayista Liberal faction but also of the Conservative party, and should thus be assured of a handsome majority over General Gomez and the Miguelistas. He is a lawyer of unquestioned ability, as well as an astute politician, and his attitude toward the United States will, if he becomes President, probably be opportunist and usually friendly—more so than would be that of General Gomez, whose former administration bespeaks his unfitness for the place.

The British Government is confronted with an ominous attempt of the labor unions to dictate not merely its economic policy but also its general political and even its foreign policies, under pain of a universal strike which would paralyze its functions. The power of the unions may be estimated from the fact that they include in their mem-

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bership 60 per cent of the male and 30 per cent of the female adult workers. Every important industry is unionized, and the union organization is strongest in the most important industries, such as railroads, shipping, mining, and agriculture. In such circumstances, the Government thinks it inevitably incumbent upon it to give most serious heed to a threat of universal strike as a protest against any action unfavorable to Soviet Russia. Obviously such yielding to trade union dictation weakens the authority of the Government and may cause it grave embarrassment. Yet to deny and defy it would probably precipitate a crisis in economic affairs if not an attempt at political revolution.

The peaceful and orderly election of Senor Alvaro Obregon as President of Mexico—though a General he prefers to be regarded as a civilian—is the most auspicious event in that much-troubled country since the abdication of Porfirio Diaz, and should be thus regarded and treated by our own Government. We have, of course, grievances against Mexico which must be righted. But the first step must be to give the new administration in that country full and cordial recognition. Then we can proceed with negotiations for the settlement of controversies. We could not thus proceed without such recognition. All that is known of the new Mexican President is favorable, and warrants hope that he will be able to restore that country to the peace, prosperity and friendly foreign relations which it enjoyed under Diaz, while, let us trust, giving it a more truly democratic government.

The Red revolts in Italy are the culmination of processes which have been in existence since long before the war. The fundamental trouble is the rivalry and clash of interests between agriculture in the south and technical industries in the north. Each section has been demanding legislation favorable to itself, and the Government has been unable to please both. For prudential reasons it has recently seemed wise to promote agriculture to a degree, and at that, deeming themselves neglected, many industrialists have revolted. Genuine Sovietism and Bolshevism can scarcely, however, flourish in the peninsula, and the restoration of law and order should speedily be effected.

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The great improvement in the aspect of Polish affairs is cause for gratification, and for admonition. It is well to have that country redeemed, through its own gallant efforts, from Bolshevik invasion, and we must admire its spirit in declining to be bound literally by the highly artificial boundary lines drawn by the Great Powers. Seeing how scandalously the League of Nations repudiated its own primary purpose, and declined to intervene for the protection of Polish boundaries to which it was pledged, it is impossible to blame Poland for repudiating in turn the "ethnographic" boundaries which the Versailles Congress prescribed, and for seeking, pending Russia's acceptance of an armistice, the strongest strategic position she can find. Now she has requested the League of Nations to mediate between herself and the Lithuanians, to check if possible the aggressions of the latter.

To the incessant slaughter of men, women and children by recklessly driven automobiles has been added the menace, fulfilled with ominously increasing frequency, of like slaughter by aeroplanes. An aeroplane driven by two men recently cruised about over a great gathering of spectators at a tennis tournament, at a dangerously slight elevation. In the midst of its performances its engine gave out, and it was with great difficulty prevented from crashing down into the crowd, where it might easily have killed dozens of persons. As it was, it struck the ground just outside of the crowd, with such violence that it was completely wrecked and burned and both its occupants were killed. The incident elicited the startling discovery that there is no law forbidding aeronauts to cruise, as low down as they please, over crowds of people and over thronged thoroughfares of travel. Obviously a stringent law on the subject is urgently needed.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LIFE OF LORD KITCHENER. By Sir George Arthur. In Three Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Kitchener's greatness is of the sort that is difficult to estimate succinctly. To say that he was a great organizer is to give but a trite and specious summing up of a character too big to be included in a formula. To perceive that he was at the same time absolutely independent in his final judgments and eminently capable of co-operation, and of taking counsel, even to the extent of submitting his own opinions to authority, is to take a further step in understanding the man: these qualities are, indeed, essential to a great public servant, though not to an autocrat. Yet there was something more in Lord Kitchener—something that eludes the analysis both of the critic and the biographer.

The problem is rendered more difficult by the fact that his individual successes do not greatly strike the imagination; it is only the results, understood after some reflection, that are impressive. His strategy in the Boer War seems commonplace, though finally effective—and there were some mistakes, as at Paardeberg. "From the very nature of the campaign," says Sir George Arthur, "it might seem as if our signal successes in the field had been few in number and never sensational in character, whereas reverses to our arms had been salient features in the operations. But the secret of the ultimate British success lay in the folds of a steadfast continuity of logical purpose, while the 'setbacks' . . . were for the most part unavoidable incidents in a long and wearing, but coolly calculated, process, from which there could be no turning aside, and to which there could be but one end." It is all the more remarkable, under these circumstances, that Kitchener, though not exempt from criticism, should have been able to retain the entire confidence of the English people.

His fame might have shone brighter, one would think, if, in the manner of the "strong man" of fiction, he had completely steered his own course and imposed his judgment upon others above and below him. This, however, was not his way; he had the opposite disposition, even to excess. Though the Dardanelles Commissioners, "with their strange *penchant* for pecking at the reputation of a soldier who had just laid down his life for his country, chose to hold up Kitchener as habitually neglecting to consult his subordinates and as frequently giving orders over the heads of the Chiefs of Departments," this charge, as Sir Arthur conclusively shows, was without foundation. "When the Commission sat again, the members of the Army Council severally put on record their declaration that the Secretary of State

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had never failed to consult them, had almost invariably accepted their advice on matters concerned with their respective departments, and had never given orders over the heads of these." Said Sir David Henderson: "I laughed when I read the Dardanelles Commission's Report and the accusation that Lord Kitchener did not take his military staff into his confidence. I have never dealt with a Senior Officer who took me so much into his confidence and gave me his opinion so frankly as Lord Kitchener."

In regard to the military operations at Gallipoli, he accepted unwillingly, and against his better judgment, the view of the First Lord of the Admiralty as to the power of battleships to force the straits. After the failure of the Navy, he had no illusions, as others did, about the possibility of winning the war through a continuation of the Gallipoli campaign; but he undertook land operations chiefly because he felt that only in this way could the position of Britain in the East be made secure—and safety in the East was "a main plank in his military policy." His principal object being, not to win the war by a single great stroke, but to punish the Turks, defend Egypt and impress the Moslem World, he wisely pressed, when the more ambitious attempts had failed, for the Ayas Bay project; and after this had been rejected, he advised evacuation—with the deepest regret, it is true, but without moral compromise or agitation of spirit,—his strongest feeling, we are told, being the fear that the withdrawal would be accompanied by undue loss of life.

Tenacity, steadfastness, consistency, and besides these the ability to consult and the self-command to give way without losing faith or loyalty—such traits are rare enough and great enough, but they do not explain the whole man. Lacking certain intellectual elements, a person possessing all these traits might fail of any large achievement. What were in Kitchener's case the intellectual factors?

A review of his whole career reveals not so much brilliancy, originality, or special insight as comprehensiveness, thoroughness, directness, with, as a corollary, a powerful, though not an unbending, will. A large grasp of the work before him and a meticulous attention to detail are as manifest in his surveys of Palestine and of Cyprus as in his later political and military activities. In Egypt he proceeded methodically, reckoning in every factor, minimizing the likelihood of error, and making sure of large results. In South Africa, his success was due to that far-reaching grasp of the whole problem which gave effect to patient methods. As to the defense of India, he had no very sensational or sweeping suggestions to make; and at no time did his policy as Commander-in-Chief seem revolutionary. Yet it is said on high authority that "but for Lord Kitchener's work India could never possibly have given the great help she has to the Empire during the War."

Perhaps, the biographer comes closest to the heart of the matter when he quotes the saying of William James that "in all ages the men whose determinations are swayed by the most distant ends have been held to possess the greatest intelligence." This is the thing in Kitchener which lesser men cannot copy,—which good intention, strong will, wide knowledge, and shrewd reasoning cannot duplicate.

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One may express the truth in a different way by saying that Kitchener's character was magnificently rounded; for the greatest practical intelligence is associated, not always, indeed, with a many-sided culture, but most frequently, with an all-round development, with the exercise and growth of all the powers that make up a *man*. Kitchener was certainly not a man cut to formal pattern, no *factus ad unguem homo*, but the range of his sympathies, interests, energies, witnesses that vigor in every part which commonly means strength of the whole personality. He had a special love for engineering and for finance; he had archæological tastes and a particular fondness for old china; he had great diplomatic gifts and a zeal for education; he had a warm feeling for the East, he loved flowers, he was by no means lacking in humor; he was, in his later phase, sociable in a high degree; he was deeply religious. No practical knowledge or problem came amiss to him. "He would immerse himself agreeably in such subjects as the interplay between the Sunnis and Shiah sects or the place of the Sultan of Turkey *vis-à-vis* the Sherif of Mecca as religious hierarch of Islam." His mind was mathematical in its accuracy and definiteness, sane in its ability to allow for non-mathematical factors. It is from a man of this type that we can expect the kind of insight which caused Kitchener at the beginning of the War to plan for an army of seventy divisions, "coolly calculating that its maximum strength would be reached during the third year of the war, just when the enemy would be undergoing a sensible diminution of his resources in man-power."

The message that seems to come out of this book is that what the modern world requires is big men, rather than brilliant men. The lesser minds, in the big affairs, turn out to be not sufficiently well-rounded. One who is altogether military commander, politician, diplomatist, philosopher, or theorist, is not fit, however great his specialized ability, and however keen be his insight within his special province, to be placed in control of large issues. The combined wisdom of a people cannot save it without leadership, and the leader must have the comprehension, though not necessarily the proficiency, of all the specialists whom he employs, besides something else that perhaps none of them possesses.

THE PLAINSMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Rhys Carpenter. New York: Oxford University Press.

Rhys Carpenter, like the late Francis Thompson—so different from him!—belongs undoubtedly to the classic line of English poets. In fact, Mr. Carpenter is much the more representative of the two. Thompson, clearly a genius, seems to show a certain decadence in the great tradition. Inheritor of the older ideas of beauty in thought and, particularly, in expression, he was carried so far by his peculiar temperament that we can scarcely tell, sometimes, whether he writes great poetry or inspired nonsense. His unrest, at least, is modern, and there is no serenity in him except a religious serenity sometimes forced. Mr. Carpenter, on the other hand, owns no distressing idiosyncrasies, and his appeal is truly impersonal—though to say "imper-

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sonal" implies no lack of warmth. He goes back in spirit to the mood of Keats and Shelley, quite passing by the pure emotionalism of Swinburne, the realism and skepticism of Masefield, the decorative artistry of Alfred Noyes.

To say that Mr. Carpenter is "classic" is to imply high compliment; but the compliment is not unambiguous—it requires explanation. Only a rash critic would affirm that the kind of poetry written by Mr. Carpenter is the only kind that is indefeasibly right and good. To be sure, poetry, like everything else, has to develop in evolutionary fashion, and hence there is a general presumption that what is in line with the best work of the past (though not merely reproductive of it) is best. But it will not do to set up such a principle as a rigid criterion of poetic merit. The "Imagists" and the practitioners of "free verse" (*pace* the whole evolutonary idea!) have a right to their own points of view. So have Mr. Masefield and Mr. Noyes.

Just what does one mean, then, by the assertion that Mr. Carpenter's poetry is in a good and rare sense classic? What is the secret of the resemblance to Shelley and Keats, whom we may regard (despite their "romanticism") as classic in comparison with the moderns, using the word *classic* to include what has seemed to the majority of readers as best and truest in the tradition of poetry?

It is not safe to attempt a definition of poetry, for any exact formulation is liable to result in unjustifiable exclusion. A definition that should rule out Pope, Kipling, or even Longfellow, would do more harm than good! And so the attempt to define poetry usually ends either in dogmatism or in simple description. But one may properly venture an opinion as to the natural province of poetry—as to what is most characteristically poetic.

Is not the special business of poetry to express—not merely what is clearly *perceived* or strongly *felt*—but what is *apprehended?* Ideas or feelings that are below, or above, the threshold of distinct consciousness, cry out for expression, and receive an imaginative interpretation. Even a profusion of brilliant and shifting imagery does not destroy the sense of unity and achieved purpose, provided all is used in the service of the apprehended mental state.

Is it not precisely this that explains the *magic* of the greatest lines? Keats' "casements opening on the foam . . ."; Wordsworth's "trailing clouds of glory . . ."; Shakespeare's "We are such stuff as dreams are made of . . . " are not simply "images" or simply truths, though such lines employ imagery and sometimes even use philosophic language. Virgil's "*Sunt lachrymae rerum* . . . " is not merely a stall pessimistic pronouncement, nor a trite observation to the effect that life is rather hard upon us sometimes.

This theory would, if true, provide an explanation other than mere mental indulgence and luxuriousness, for Keats's glorification of fancy, and of Shelley's surrender to imagination. It would give at least a half-meaning to Keats' conviction that truth and beauty are eternally the same. Only by some such conception, it would seem, can we view the poets as something more than entertainers, decorative artists, metrical essayists, or story-tellers, and see that they make

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their own special and necessary contribution to the richness and fulness of life.

This digression has seemed necessary in order to make clear the nature of one's liking for Mr. Carpenter's poems, and one's reasons for assigning him a high place among the poets of the day.

Certainly his lines have magic. The first stanza of the poem, "A Plainsman to the Mountains," is sufficient to show that we have to do with a poet whose thought is neither incoherent nor obvious but (in a true psychological sense) "inspired."

> You come again, fainter than smoke at morning,
> Dim guardians of heaven, shadow-fair;
> Like an enchanted isle earth's harbour scorning
> You drift upon the ocean of the air.
> You are moon-shadow crossed with daylight's gleam;
> Faint as blue iris on a summer stream,
> You float above my shadows, clear and pale
> As the star-ships at sunrise ere they sail
> Beyond the daystorm; over misty leas
> You rise, unbodied, like the magic trees
> Of fairyland where golden throstles perch
> And ogres snore by rainbow-guarded springs.

The last three lines, especially, show fancy used as Keats used it.

What does such a poem as this express? Let us not attempt pedantically to formulate its "message." If the poet could tell us in a few simple words just what he means, he would scarcely need to write a poem, and his office would be simply the decoration of truth with fanciful images—in short, "fine writing." If he meant nothing in particular, his office would be to produce beautiful expression for its own sake. But this last can scarcely be in the case of any true poet. People do not tear their hearts out for the sake of beautiful expression or give themselves pain through loyalty to the word as divorced from the idea. If they serve beauty—"that impitiable daemon,"—with self-abnegation, they do so because they feel that it is in some obscure way akin to truth. In the poem of which the first verse has been quoted Mr. Carpenter has apprehended and convincingly expressed the secret of a certain kind of aspiration. It is not wise to carry analysis further.

There is not one of Rhys Carpenter's verses that does not possess in its degree magic and power. The poet's thought is beautifully instinctive and confident; his expression is beautifully artistic and considered. In the service of a genuine and keen apprehension, the taste for beautiful expression through words and metre, ceasing to be merely fastidious or ingenious, does its best work, and the fancy, while free to roam far beyond the commonplace is harnessed to a definite and finely felt motive. As a consequence we have in these poems an apparent union of abandon and restraint, perplexing and dazzling.

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THE KINDS OF POETRY. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company.

Of the four essays which make up Professor Erskine's book, that which gives its title to the volume is much the most notable. Here we have a distinction that seems profound and is certainly striking. The three great kinds of poetry are determined, according to the author, by the point of view of the writer as regards time. Lyric poetry deals with the present moment, dramatic poetry with the past, epic poetry with the future. Without any appearance of straining the argument, Professor Erskine is able to make this distinction seem much sounder than the ordinary attempts at discriminating the forms.

Certainly such an account of the matter does, at least, aid comprehension and appreciation by setting in strong relief some of the leading characteristics of the several forms of poetry. On reflection, however, the suspicion rather grows upon one that the time-quality is an accidental, and not an essential, principle of classification—though it happens to cover most of the ground.

Of course, the fact that the epic is written in the *past tense,* and that the dramatic poem, if it is really dramatic in *form,* makes many of its statements in the present tense, has nothing to do with the matter. The *point of view* may be really future while the tense is present or past. The real question is whether we think about the present, the past, and the future, in ways so different as to justify us in basing our notion of the kinds of poetry upon this distinction.

That lyric poetry dwells upon the present moment can scarcely be contested. This mode, therefore, tends to exclude reflection as a prime element and to leave us with little but description, or "realization" of feeling. But how about the drama? Its point of view is past, it would seem, only in that it makes use of the results of past experience. The drama, it is assumed, must be logical—must show a true *nexus* of cause and effect: it must, therefore, depend upon reason, and reason depends upon memory. Precisely the same method, however, is used in any rational attempt to forecast the future. The epic, again, does clearly differ from the drama in that its premises are different—in that it substitutes for the finite causes at work in the drama, a more or less clearly conceived notion of individual fate, national destiny, human greatness. It is thus, in a sense, prophetic. But is the underlying difference simply that the drama deals with the past, while the epic deals with the future? Is not the truth simply this: that the drama is not primarily reflection about the past, but primarily reflection that the epic is not primarily reflection about the future, but primarily imaginative thought based upon some faith or assumption that is in itself neither past, present, or future, but that is taken for eternal truth? The drama reminds us of our meditations concerning the past just because it is logical, or "scientific,"—not because it looks toward the past, dwells in the past, or starts from some point in the past. The epic has a prophetic slant, not because it has anything in particular to do with the future, not because it aims in any special way to forecast the future, but because it takes its cue from something that is accepted by the writer and his readers as

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a universal truth—the necessary greatness of Rome, or the foreordained fate of mankind. The question, therefore, arises whether it would not be simpler and better to say merely that the drama tends to be logical, while the epic contains a large element of faith or assumption than to try to distribute the forms among time-categories.

On the whole, it seems obvious that the fundamental distinctions between the kinds of poetry must be distinctions of function or purpose. And it appears, at once, a trifle absurd to say that the *purpose* or *function* of epic poetry is to point toward the future, or that the human need satisfied by the drama is the need of reflecting upon the past.

The remaining essays treat of the teaching of poetry, the "new poetry," and the relation of scholarship to poetry. They are characterized by a fine mingling of discrimination and common sense. Professor Erskine is wise in requiring some sort of real definition of poetry and of its *genres,* and in not being satisfied with a mere historical account. He is wise in attempting to make the definition broad enough to correspond with real human instincts. His breadth of view, his refusal to rest content with mere special scholarship, gives value to his advice about the teaching of poetry. "Instead of teaching poetry as philosophy or literature," he writes, "we need to draw on history and philosophy in order to understand poetry." Looking at the new poetry from much the same angle, he points out acutely the relation between all poetry and a broad and humane scholarship.

"When the language of poetry was developing toward the hope of complete communication between man and man, the confession that you did not quite understand him would have worried the poet. Nowadays the confession only indicates to him that you do not move in this world." The criticism is fundamental.

THE COLLEGE AND NEW AMERICA. By Jay Williams Hudson, Ph. D., New York: D. Appleton and Company.

When will men generally come to realize that *abstractions* are practical things? The fact has a two-fold meaning: It means that abstractions are of no use in themselves, and that they *are* of use as means to ends. The academic mind tends to regard its own abstractions as having intrinsic value and truth, and to ignore the more vaguely conceived, but absolutely essential human notions of worth: it is guilty of "hypostasis of function." The ordinary mind tends to reject abstractions as having no direct connection with its ideas of value and practical truth. Thus life and learning grow apart and it is possible for Veblen to maintain that they have not now, and never have had, any necessary interdependence, the higher learning being motivated solely by "idle curiosity."

Of course, the solution of the difficulty does not lie in making learning subservient to immediate practical ends, in shackling education with vocational restrictions. To do so would be to stultify the teacher and to discourage in the pupil that intellectual curiosity which, in any view, is of value. The real problem is to discover an ideal of

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worth that shall include scholarship, since scholarship can neither include our ideal of worth nor be safely substituted for it.

To find such an ideal is not easy, because learning does not readily submit to a process that subordinates it to other aims. "Higher" knowledge is generally brought to light by men who seek it for its own sake, and is seldom really understood except by those who study it for its own sake. If we ask what made Newton discover the law of gravitation, or urged Darwin to formulate the theory of evolution, or Morse to invent the telegraph, the answer must be that, while these men were well disposed toward mankind, their primary motive was not anything like philanthropy or good-citizenship, but rather a passionate interest in their special subjects.

Let us be content, however, with the rejoinder that the college is not intended for the *genius,* and that there is little danger of thwarting the intellectual enthusiasms of the few by establishing an educational system really conceived in the best interests of the many. "Education," says Dr. Hudson, "is the teaching of right wants and of how to get them," and the formula is acceptable. The exercise of a special talent *may* be a right want, but it is not *the* right want.

That some change of policy on the part of the colleges is desirable becomes more and more evident, as the young men and women of this country crowd into our class-rooms in ever-increasing numbers. The pure-scholarship ideal, which never appealed to more than a moderate percentage of undergraduates, tends now to become grotesquely irrelevant as applied to large numbers. Dr. Hudson has analyzed the condition with uncommon penetration. His criticism of American college education is at once sensible and radical. "The college graduate attains not only one, but two great modern abstractions: not only the abstraction of subjects from one another, but the abstraction of all of them from life." Little or nothing is done to correct these unfortunate separations. "We may have one reason for including mathematics among the things the student must master; and another, perhaps a wholly contradictory reason, for including political science; but no one reason or ideal that might create a unified curriculum." Finally, to express the severest and least answerable criticism in a nutshell: "Perhaps there is only one thing worse than that the college student should forget his subjects; and that is that he should remember them. For to remember them is most often to go into life confidently solving its problems with abstractions that do not fit."

In thus formulating the educational problem of the colleges, Dr. Hudson has performed a real service such as one could scarcely expect from any one but a practical-minded philosopher, at home alike with realities and with abstractions. It is almost an inevitable criticism, however, of any such attempt at analytical plus constructive thinking that the constructive part is not equal to the analytical. Dr. Hudson's remedies are not so convincing as his criticism.

There can be no quarrel with the suggestion that "the aim of American education is to produce a definite American social order, in relation to a definite world order." The proposed ideal, it is well said, is "not too narrow, as the utility of vocationalism; nor too broad and vague, as the familiar slogan of 'education for character' or 'edu-

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cation for social service' or 'education for democracy'—vagaries in terms of which most well-intentioned reforms in education have been damned." No one who understands this ideal will consider it too narrow, and if it seems, on slight consideration, a trifle vague, one may defend it, first, by saying that Dr. Hudson does succeed in making it fairly definite, and, secondly, by calling attention to the fact that every true ideal becomes clearer as we approach it—the main thing being to start in the right direction.

It is only when one considers the practical working out of the theory, the means to be employed, that one becomes skeptical. When one thinks what is implied in the (ultimate) rewriting of text-books and in the giving of thorough and comprehensive correlation courses through the co-operation of several departments, one is somewhat disheartened. When one reflects upon how little is likely to be accomplished by correlation courses that are merely added to the special courses—the latter remaining, as they are now, the core of the curriculum; and upon the probably slight effect of further tinkering with the group system of electives, or of teaching ethics in a somewhat more vital way, one is not encouraged.

Every special subject probably leaves in the mind of the student a residuum of knowledge that is of general use, that can be readily correlated with other knowledge, be made to serve a general ideal, be transmuted into wisdom. As civilization advances, this residuum tends to become larger; yet it must always remain relatively small. May it not be, then, that anything like advanced instruction (such as colleges profess to give) in special subjects, is *incurably special;* that education and "life" do necessarily tend to part company at about the high-school stage, and that the only way in which to obtain that broader education toward a worthy life which Dr. Hudson wants is *to live?*

If this be true, then, granting the truth of Dr. Hudson's criticism, one might conclude that the real trouble with the colleges is that they are trying to teach too much, and to teach it—not, indeed, too *thoroughly*—but too *minutely.* And the corollary would be that if the high-schools and preparatory schools would do what Dr. Hudson says the colleges ought to do, the colleges would be relieved of the dubious task of making special and advanced subjects, numerous and varied, serve the ends of "general education."

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO. By Robert T. Kerlin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The collection of extracts which Professor Kerlin has taken from the colored press to form his volume, expresses the negro's views on a great variety of subjects. Some of the principal topics under which the excerpts are grouped are the new negro and the old, the negro's reaction to the World War, the negro's grievances and demands, riots, lynchings, labor unionism and Bolshevism, negro progress. The clippings cover the four months immediately succeeding the Washington riots; they are designed especially to show the negro's reaction to that and like events following, and to the World War.

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The significance of the book is two-fold and lies, first, in the character of the negro papers themselves, and, secondly, in the facts that they emphasize.

The ability and influence of the colored press is well worth noting. Its unanimity is remarkable. Every unprejudiced reader will recognize that despite uncouthness, it is extremely capable, and that despite errors of judgment it is well-meaning. We may not ignore or attempt to brush aside anything so obviously real in a moral, intellectual, and practical sense.

The tone of the papers is predominantly one of outraged pride. This pride is, perhaps, somewhat crude and excessive—what else could one expect of a people so notoriously abused? But it is, on the whole, a better sort of pride than one might have feared it would be. At any rate, there it is; and it is a force to be reckoned with. While the ideal of "social equality" is disclaimed by practically all the papers, one cannot resist the feeling that it is very close to the heart of the whole problem. Social equality is not easy to distinguish from recognition of manhood and womanhood, and such recognition the race certainly craves. What the colored press distinctly says that the negroes want is justice, civil rights, freedom from persecution, a square deal.

For the rest, whoever thinks that the negro is not foully abused will find Professor Kerlin's book wholesome, though unpleasant, reading.

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